

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 513 (NEW SERIES 123) MARCH, 1907

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The Influence of Paganism on the Christian Calendar.

EVER since the publication in 1729 of Dr. Conyers Middleton's famous *Letter from Rome showing an exact conformity between Popery and Paganism*, there has been a more or less continuous effort on the part of a certain school of writers to trace the beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church to some pre-Christian original. It would be easy to make a long catalogue of such attempts,¹ some dealing with isolated points, some with the whole field of Christian observance, but I may content myself with mentioning in general terms the works of Dr. J. G. Frazer, the distinguished author of *The Golden Bough*, of Mr. Edward Clodd, a more popular writer, who is perhaps best known by his *Childhood of Religions*, and of Dr. Rendel Harris, for whom the legend of the Dioscuri seems to exercise a peculiar fascination. Those who have paid any attention to the subject will know that the conclusions arrived at by these scholars are very sweeping. It is not only practices but dogmas which they are prepared to explain away as mere survivals of paganism. In particular, the mystery of the Blessed Eucharist has received a large share of attention, and we are bidden to recognize in this very primitive and central point of the Christian faith² a development of the cult of Ceres and of Bacchus, or, at any rate, of the principles which underlay that heathen worship. A short quotation from Dr. Frazer will sufficiently illustrate the attitude of which I am speaking:

By eating [says Dr. Frazer] the body of the god, man shares in the god's attributes and powers. And when the god is a corn-god, the corn

¹ Many bibliographical references may be found in the footnotes of an excellent article on "Les Origines du Culte Chrétien," which Abbot Cabrol has recently contributed to the *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov. 15 and Dec. 1, 1906.

² I may remind the reader that the First Epistle to the Corinthians, which contains St. Paul's account of the institution of the Sacrament and his warning that "whosoever eateth the bread and drinketh the cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord," is one of the few Epistles whose authenticity and early date is not contested even by advanced critics.

is his proper body; when he is a vine-god, the juice of the grape is his blood; and so by eating the bread and drinking the wine the worshipper partakes of the real body and blood of his god. Thus the drinking of wine in the rites of a vine-god like Dionysus is not an act of revelry, it is a solemn sacrament. Yet a time comes when reasonable men find it hard to understand how anyone in his senses can suppose that by eating bread or drinking wine he consumes the body or blood of a deity. "When we call corn Ceres or wine Bacchus," says Cicero, "we use a common figure of speech; but do you imagine that anybody is so insane as to believe that the thing he feeds upon is a god?"¹

It is obvious that much might be said on this and similar points of dogmatic belief, but this is not the subject with which we are immediately concerned, and for the moment I will only remark that the wide diffusion of the sacramental or the sacrificial idea, even if the religious rite of the eating of bread and the drinking of wine were as generally familiar as Dr. Frazer contends, proves nothing against its divine institution. Such practices among pagan peoples may not less readily be explained as the corruptions of some vague and primitive revelation than if we look upon them as the spontaneous developments of savagery. There is nothing gross or carnal, but rather the reverse, in the acceptance of wheaten flour or the juice of the grape as typical of a divine principle; while it was certainly part of the common stock of ideas of the Hebrew people that "the blood is the life," *i.e.*, that the blood outpoured and separated from the body was emblematic of that withdrawal of the soul from its tenement of clay, which is realized in death. But in the present article I only propose to deal with the influence of paganism upon the calendar of the Church, in other words, with the alleged continuance of time-honoured heathen festivals, once frankly idolatrous, often bloodthirsty or licentious, but now, we are told, surviving under a thinly-disguised dedication to some Christian mystery or some early saint. The topic in any case seems worthy of serious consideration. It has often engaged the attention of Dr. Frazer, both in

¹ This passage occurs at the end of a section which bears the heading "Eating the God," and which begins with the words: "We have now seen that the corn-spirit is represented sometimes in human, sometimes in animal form, and that in both cases he is killed in the person of his representative and eaten sacramentally. To find examples of actually killing the human representative of the corn-spirit we had of course to go to savage races; but the harvest suppers of our European peasants have furnished unmistakable examples of the sacramental eating of animals as representatives of the corn-spirit." (*The Golden Bough*, second edition, ii. pp. 318 and 366.)

The Golden Bough and in his other works. More especially it is made very prominent in his recently published volume entitled *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*.¹ Probably I cannot do better by way of introducing the general subject than to quote a passage from the volume just named. It sets before us compendiously the drift of Dr. Frazer's conclusions so far as we are here concerned with them. After referring to certain early sectaries who persistently kept the celebration of our Saviour's Crucifixion and Resurrection as fixed feasts upon March 25th and March 27th respectively, without regard to the day of the week,² Dr. Frazer continues :

The tradition which placed the death of Christ on the twenty-fifth of March was ancient and deeply rooted. It is all the more remarkable because astronomical considerations prove that it can have had no historical foundation. The inference appears to be inevitable that the Passion of Christ must have been arbitrarily referred to that date in order to harmonize with an older festival of the spring equinox. This is the view of the learned ecclesiastical historian, Mgr. Duchesne, who points out that the death of the Saviour was thus made to fall upon the very day on which, according to a widespread belief, the world had been created. But the resurrection of Attis, who combined in himself the characters of the Divine Father and the Divine Son, was officially celebrated at Rome on the same day.³ When we remember that the festival of St. George in April has replaced the ancient pagan festival of the Parilia ; that the festival of St. John the Baptist in June has succeeded to the heathen midsummer festival of water ; that the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin in August has ousted the festival of Diana ; that the feast of All Saints in November is a continuation of an old heathen feast of the dead ; and that the Nativity of Christ Himself

¹ *Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Studies in the History of Oriental Religion*. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L. ; LL.D. ; Litt. D. ; Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1906.

² Dr. Frazer does not tell his readers how very small and insignificant this sect was. No one could possibly infer from what he says that throughout the Church at large, as we know from overwhelming evidence which is as early as the time of St. Justin martyr (c. 150), Easter was invariably a movable feast kept upon a Sunday, and like the Jewish Pasch varying from year to year with the time of the full moon.

³ I can find no other name than disingenuous for this presentment of the matter. Not one of Dr. Frazer's readers in a thousand will fail to derive the impression that the resurrection of Attis and the resurrection of Christ were celebrated on the same day. But in point of fact (see Dr. Frazer's own statements, *ib.* pp. 166, 167), the death of Attis was commemorated on March 22nd and his resuscitation on March 25th. In other words, the joyful resurrection of Attis was kept on the very anniversary which Christians, according to Dr. Frazer, regarded as the day of deepest mourning. So far as the Christian calendars connected the resurrection of Christ with any fixed day, this day was March 27th, not March 25th.

was assigned to the winter solstice in December because that day was deemed the Nativity of the Sun ; we can hardly be thought rash or unreasonable in conjecturing that the other cardinal festival of the Christian Church, the solemnization of Easter, may have been in like manner, and from like motives of edification, adapted to a similar celebration of the Phrygian god Attis at the vernal equinox. At least it is a remarkable coincidence, if it is nothing more, that the Christian and heathen festivals of the Divine Death and Resurrection should have been solemnized at the same season and in the same places. For the places which celebrated the death of Christ at the spring equinox were Phrygia, Gaul, and apparently Rome, that is, the very regions in which the worship of Attis either originated or struck deepest root.¹

Now while fully admitting, as we shall see, not only the possibility but the fact of some such transformations of pagan celebrations into Christian, a very simple reflection serves even at the outset to shatter all confidence in the probability of these identifications. Dr. Frazer here mentions only certain selected examples. He does not include other cases which his fellow folk-lorists insist upon just as strongly, and with just as much or as little show of reason as he can adduce for his explanation of the Assumption feast or the feast of St. George. In the first place nothing is more certain than that the Christian feast of the Circumcision coincided with the Roman festival of the first of January, *le jour de l'an* with its *étrennes* (Latin *strenae*), which still survives in modern France. In this case of the Circumcision, we have a clear and indisputable instance of the coincidence of a pagan and a Christian feast, and here also we have the fullest possible evidence of the recognition of the coincidence on the part of the Church authorities. Not only are there frequent allusions to the fact in the extant sermons of preachers like St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Maximus of

¹ Lack of space prevents me from quoting the footnotes with which Dr. Frazer strives to justify the assertions made in this passage. The belief (witnessed to by Tertullian, Hippolytus, Augustine, and many others) that the Crucifixion of Christ as a historical fact took place on March 25th, is no sort of proof that any liturgical celebration occurred upon the anniversary of that day. It is quite certain that at Rome, as almost everywhere else where clear evidence is forthcoming, Easter and Good Friday were movable feasts from the beginning. Mgr. Duchesne (*Christian Worship*, Eng. Tr. p. 237, § 2) has never for a moment disputed this. If he lays stress upon the belief that Christ was crucified on March 25th, it is only to explain how the early Christians came to suppose through their love of round numbers that our Lord became incarnate on the same March 25th, and consequently was born exactly nine months later, on December 25th. Mgr. Duchesne, on this ground, expressly rejects the idea that the selection of December 25th for the Nativity had anything to do with the supposed Mithraic feast of the Sun, *natalis invicti*.

Turin, &c., who exhort their hearers in vigorous terms to beware of the superstitious observances connected with the day, but we have in all the early Sacramentaries a special Mass *ad prohibendum ab idolis*, with prayers and liturgical formulæ, making definite reference to the idolatrous rites practised on that occasion.

Let me quote one example of a prayer destined for use on this feast of the first of January. It is found in the so-called Leonine Sacramentary, the earliest of Roman service-books, and is but one of many.

O Almighty Everlasting God, who biddest the partakers at Thy Table to abstain from the banquets of devils, grant to Thy people, we beseech Thee, that eschewing the savour of deadly profanity, they may approach with clean minds to the feasts of eternal salvation.¹

Why, if the Assumption was really the feast of Diana, or if the feast of St. George was really identical with the *parilia*—why, we may ask, do we not find indications in Christian writers of some similar condemnation of idolatrous practices? Above all, in the case of Easter and Good Friday, it is universally admitted that we possess amongst our still existing liturgical remains, some of them still in use, exceptionally abundant and trustworthy materials for judging of the formulæ employed in the earliest period. Why is it then that we do not discover the traces of any reprobation of the worship of Attis, though, to judge from the lengthy account given by Dr. Frazer in another passage, it must have offered the most ghastly parody of the Crucifixion.² The Circumcision was a minor feast, with a small homiletic literature, yet that small literature is scored all over with allusions to the godless rites and orgies for which among a still heathen population the day was the occasion. The annual commemoration of our Lord's Death and Resurrection was the most fundamental and primitive of Christian observances, and yet in all the relatively abundant literature to which it gave rise, Dr. Frazer does not even pretend to quote a single allusion which would bear out his contention.

To say the truth, the references in Christian literature to

¹ Numerous similar examples are quoted by Abbot Cabrol in his volume, *Origines Liturgiques*, pp. 203—210, recently reviewed in these columns. For example he points out that, in the famous lectionary of Capua, the Epistle for this day (January 1), is taken from 1 Cor. viii. 1 to ix. 22, all dealing with abstaining from meats sacrificed to idols.

² *Adonis, Attis, and Osiris*, p. 166.

Attis, Adonis, Mithras, and the rest are so relatively slight and unimportant, that I for one am utterly sceptical as to the permanent influence exercised by any of these Oriental cults. In the disintegration of Roman society under the later Emperors such fantastic forms of worship found a ready welcome, and this welcome was proportionate in some sense to their extravagance and to the degree in which they excited horror or provoked curiosity. For this reason the wildest reports were often circulated about these rites, whence it becomes in a high degree rash and unscientific to accept without question such fragments of information concerning them as reach us through the channel of gossips like Athenæus or satirists like Lucian. And as for any deep and permanent impression made by these cults upon the beliefs and practice of the Western Empire, one might as well suppose that the religious thought of contemporary England was being moulded by the Christian Scientists, the Esoteric Buddhists, the Irvingites, the Salvation Army, Dr. Torrey and Alexander's Missions, and the Society for Psychical Research. I do not necessarily mean to speak disrespectfully of any of these influences, but they are in my judgment only surface currents which do not stir the depths.

Again the feast of the Purification (or Candlemas Day) on February 2nd, is identified by Mr. Clodd and others with the Roman Lupercalia. The dates do not at all agree, for the Roman Lupercalia occurred almost a fortnight later on February 14th; but to folk-lore theorists such details are a matter of no consequence. For the moment, however, let me assume that the Purification with its procession of lights is a transformed Lupercalia and let us consider the series of feasts which we shall then have. The Annunciation and the Crucifixion on March 25th, replace the feast of Attis, the Nativity of Christ supplants the great Mithraic birthday of the Sun, the Nativity of St. John the Baptist has succeeded to "a heathen midsummer festival of water," the Circumcision expiates the revelry of New Year's day, and the Purification is the substitute for the indecencies of the Lupercalia. It is all very wonderful, but surely it is also a great deal *too* wonderful. What our folklorists forget is the simple fact that all the Christian feasts which I have just named are rigorously tied together by the dates of the Gospel narrative. Does Dr. Frazer really ask us to believe that the Church authorities first bethought them of

our Easter celebration of Death and Resurrection which would replace the worship of Attis, invented the birthday of Christ to rival the birthday of the Sun, elected St. John the Baptizer to preside over the midsummer festival of water, found in the Purification of Mary after childbirth a consecration of the pagan rites for promoting the fecundity of the mothers of their children, and then suddenly discovered that all these feasts, *mirabile dictu*, had slipped into their proper places in order of time? If the Annunciation be fixed upon the 25th of March, then the Nativity, if we follow the exact interval of nine months, *must* fall on the 25th of December, moreover the Circumcision and the Purification, according to Levitical law, cannot occur at any other date than the 8th day and the 40th day respectively, *i.e.*, January 1st, and February 2nd. Further, since the angel told our Lady that this was the "sixth month of her cousin being with child," the birth of the Baptist must have preceded that of our Saviour by just that interval, and when we remember that June 24th, according to the Roman way of counting time was the 8th day before the Kalends of July, just as December 25th was the 8th day before the Kalends of January, we see that this condition also is exactly verified.

Surely this simple reflection cannot fail to rouse the suspicion that such agreements as have been observed in the dates of Christian and pagan celebrations are in the main due to pure coincidence. Naturally enough, if a Christian feast fell upon a day which was already a popular holiday, it would, or at least might, derive additional solemnity from the fact that the bulk of the faithful, being released from secular occupations, were free to busy themselves about the Church and its ceremonies. When a writer, so able and so well-read as Dr. Frazer, has the whole field of pagan mythology before him to choose from—not only Roman and Greek, but Phrygian, Syrian, and Egyptian, to say nothing of the religious observances of the Celtic and Teutonic races of the North, all of which he freely uses; it would be almost impossible to mention any Christian festival which will not coincide with a pagan celebration in some part of the world. And to identify these becomes all the more easy because Dr. Frazer frankly declares that a discrepancy of two or three days is of no consequence when we are discussing these agreements. I may confess, that to me the substitution idea seems to require the most exact conformity in point of time between the ancient heathen orgy

and the new Christian festival which is to supplant it. Human nature, and most of all uncivilized human nature, is never averse to keep two holidays instead of one. The savage will not as a rule betray the least reluctance to feast in honour of the Christian God on Tuesday, and again in honour of his own deities on Thursday. The only chance is to confront your savage with the physical impossibility of being in two places at once, or of performing two different rites at the same time. But this is clearly not Dr. Frazer's idea, for he writes:

At the annual festival of Diana, which was held all over Italy on the 13th of August, hunting-dogs were crowned, and wild beasts were not molested; wine was brought forth, and the feast consisted of a kid, cakes, and apples still hanging in clusters on the boughs. The Christian Church appears to have sanctified this great festival of the virgin goddess by adroitly converting it into the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin on the 15th of August. The discrepancy of two days between the dates of the festivals is not a fatal argument against their identity, for a similar displacement of two days occurs in the case of St. George's festival on the 23rd of April, which is most probably identical with the ancient Roman festival of the Parilia on April 21st.¹

I will not stop here to dwell upon the unconvincingness of this *ignotum per ignotius* kind of argument; but I propose to take in order a few of the identifications of pagan and Christian festivals which may be found suggested in Dr. Frazer's various works, and to add a word or two of comment on each. But before doing this it will be worth while perhaps to quote in full the letter of St. Gregory the Great to Mellitus, who was later Archbishop of Canterbury. It is the classical passage on the subject, and while it shows clearly that the Church fully recognized the lawfulness of some substitution of Christian observances for pagan, it is far from suggesting that the principle had been applied in the wholesale way which Dr. Frazer seems to contemplate. St. Gregory writes as follows:

To his most beloved son, the Abbot Mellitus: Gregory, the servant of the servants of God:

We have been in much suspense since the departure of our congregation that is with you, because we have received no account of the success of your journey. When therefore Almighty God shall bring you to the most reverend Bishop Augustine, our brother, tell him what I have decided, upon mature deliberation, in the affair of the English, namely, that the temples of the idols in that nation ought not

¹ *Early History of the Kingship*, pp. 18, 19.

to be destroyed ; but let the idols that are in them be destroyed ; let holy water be blessed and sprinkled in the said temples, let altars be erected and relics deposited there. For if those temples are well built, it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of devils to the service of the true God ; that the nation, seeing that their temples are not destroyed, may remove error from their hearts, and knowing and adoring the true God, may the more readily resort to the places to which they have been accustomed. And because they have been used to slaughter many oxen in the sacrifices of devils, some solemnity must on this account be substituted for them, for example that, on the day of the dedication, or the natiivities of the holy martyrs whose relics are there deposited, they should build themselves huts of the boughs of trees about those churches that have been turned to that use from temples, and celebrate the solemnity with religious feasting, and no more offer beasts to the devil, but both kill cattle to the praise of God to serve as food, and return thanks to the Giver of all things for this sustenance ; to the end that, whilst some gratifications are outwardly permitted them, they may the more easily consent to the inward consolations of the grace of God. For there is no doubt that it is impossible to efface everything at once from their obdurate minds ; because he who endeavours to ascend to the highest place, rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps. Thus the Lord made himself known to the people of Israel in Egypt ; and yet he allowed them the use, in his own worship, of the sacrifices which they were wont to offer to the devil ; so as to command them in his sacrifices to kill beasts, to the end that, changing their hearts, they might lay aside one part of the sacrifice, whilst they retained another ; that whilst they offered the same beasts which they were wont to offer, they should offer them to God, and not to idols ; and that thus they would no longer be the same sacrifices. This it behoves your affection to communicate to our aforesaid brother, that he, being there present, may consider how he is to order all things. May God preserve you in safety, most beloved son.¹

It will here be clearly seen that while St. Gregory approves the principle of substitution, his suggestion is, relatively speaking, a restricted one. The feast of the dedication of the particular church, which was of course of only local application, or a celebration in honour of the relics enshrined there, might be so organized as to divert the minds of the converts from their old pagan superstitions, but that is all. There is no idea of making these concessions to inveterate custom into great festivals which are to nourish the piety of the faithful, and be the landmarks of the Christian year. Let me then take a few of the more important features in the calendar, and see

¹ Bede, *Ecclesiastical History*, bk. i. chap. xxx. Ed. Stevenson, Lond. 1853.

what the evidence amounts to which is supposed to prove that all or any of them are merely survivals of paganism. Unfortunately, the limits of an article like the present will necessitate a very summary treatment.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

I have already touched briefly upon this. Nothing is more plainly written across the homiletic and conciliar literature of the early Christian centuries than the fact that unceasing efforts were made to eradicate the idolatrous and superstitious practices associated with the "Kalends," as the first of January was called *par excellence*. The heathen philosopher, Libanius, at the beginning of the fourth century testifies that this stood out from all other religious celebrations. It was the one survival of paganism which really counted, and which was universally observed throughout the Roman empire. And so in every part of the world we find Christian teachers like St. Augustine in the West, and St. Chrysostom in the East, St. Isidore in Spain, and St. Caesarius in Gaul denouncing the observances of this "Satanic feast" (ἐορτὴν σατανικήν), as St. Chrysostom styled it. But even here, though the coincidence of days is exact, it would be absurd to regard the Calends of January as having created a Christian festival. The date of the Circumcision is undoubtedly determined by the date of the Nativity, eight days before. If the Christian festivals had really come into existence in the way Dr. Frazer supposes, we should have expected to find our Lord's birthday kept upon that universal holiday, January 1st. So far from this we know that the Circumcision was not regarded by the early Christians as a festival, but rather as a day of mourning. We learn also that in some parts of the world it was celebrated with a fast of three days, and that as already stated above, the Mass *ad prohibendum ab idolis* was of almost universal observance.

THE PURIFICATION OF OUR LADY.

It has been said above that the difference of date renders it impossible to identify this feast with the Lupercalia. A difficulty is caused by the language of a passage in Bede's *De Temporum Ratione*,¹ in which the Anglo-Saxon scholar seems to take it for granted that the procession of February 2nd

¹ Cap. xii.

replaced the *lustratio* of the pagan Lupercalia. But Bede, when attentively read, says no more than that where the Lupercalia and its procession had existed before, the feast of our Lady, with procession, was to be found in the Christian Rome of a later period. The main fact is that in Jerusalem at the close of the fourth century, as we learn from the pilgrim lady, Silvia, or rather Egeria, the *quadregesima Epiphaniae* (the fortieth day from our Saviour's "manifestation") was already kept as a feast. As at that time the Epiphany on January 6 was believed in the East to be the birthday of our Lord, the fortieth day after it must have commemorated the Presentation in the Temple, or the feast of Simeon, as the Echternach Calendar calls it. When this celebration was later on transplanted from the East and adopted by Rome it necessarily fell on February 2nd, the fortieth day from December 25th, which had been adopted as the Western date for the Nativity. Whether a procession with blessed candles was attached to that celebration with the express object of replacing the heathen procession of the Lupercalia, it seems now impossible to determine; but seeing that a similar procession, as Bede is careful to mention, was also organized in Rome on the other great feasts of our Lady, the substitution at best must have been of a very vague and general character.

LENT.

Dr. Frazer, in view of certain analogous practices recorded of savage peoples, believes that this period of sexual continence and abstemiousness in diet "was in its origin intended not so much to commemorate the sufferings of a dying God as to foster the growth of the seed."¹ Our author admits that "no direct evidence is forthcoming"² in support of this hypothesis, and I urge in reply that both scientific procedure and common sense imperatively demand direct evidence before such a suggestion can claim to be considered. If various barbarous races subjected themselves to certain forms of restraint with a view of benefiting the growing crops, others gave themselves up to every form of indulgence with a precisely similar object, while others again adopted a thousand different expedients which had nothing to do with either license or austerity. We can trace the gradual evolution of Lent in the early patristic literature

¹ *The Golden Bough*, Second Edition, ii. p. 214.

² *Ibid.* iii. p. 146.

and in liturgical monuments of every part of Christendom. It was clearly a development of the principle that a great festival should be prepared for by a term of prayer and fasting. As even the lesser feasts had their vigils, so Easter and Christmas were preceded by a fast of many days. The preparation of the catechumens for baptism on Easter Eve also exercised considerable influence on this penitential season. In any case out of the many thousand references to Lent which may be found in early Christian writers, Dr. Frazer does not pretend to quote even one which brings Lent into relation with the growth of the seed. Why should Christianity be less capable of originating an Easter fast than Mohammedanism of instituting a Ramadhan? It is plain that this last at least, which may occur in any month of the year, is independent of the growth of the crops.

GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER.

When we reflect [writes Dr. Frazer] how often the Church has skilfully contrived to plant the seeds of the new faith on the old stock of paganism, we may surmise that the Easter celebration of the dead and risen Christ was grafted upon a similar celebration of the dead and risen Adonis, which, as we have seen reason to believe, was celebrated in Syria at the same season. The type, created by Greek artists, of the sorrowful goddess with her dying lover in her arms, resembles and may have been the model of the *Pietà* of Christian art, the Virgin with the dead body of her divine Son in her lap.¹

One would wish to believe that Dr. Frazer only says these things out of a sense of duty to scientific truth, but it is difficult to resist the impression that the effect they are meant to produce upon his Christian readers is carefully calculated.² What I fail to understand is why Christianity should be considered incapable of evolving the type of the *pietà* independently of Adonis. Why is this theme less likely to have occurred spontaneously to the artist than the Madonna and Child, or than the kneeling Magdalen at the foot of the Cross, or than the Veronica legend?

¹ *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, p. 157. That Easter, as we have seen in a passage previously quoted, is also identified by Dr. Frazer with the worship of Attis, seems in his eyes no bar to this equally close relation with the great festival of Adonis. When it suits Dr. Frazer's purpose, Adonis and Attis are in practice identical, but otherwise they are quite distinct.

² So again on p. 190 Dr. Frazer writes that the "ecclesiastical authorities assimilated the Easter festival of the death and resurrection of their Lord to the festival of the death and resurrection of another Asiatic god (*i.e.*, Adonis) which fell at the same season."

Every principle of scientific archæology seems to be ignored in such a suggestion, for the *pietà* type surely first became popular in the later middle ages in countries where the story and still more the pictorial representation of Adonis was absolutely unknown. But, in point of fact, the whole foundation for the association of the mourning over Adonis with the feast of the Easter crumbles away when it is examined into. As Dr. Conrad Lübeck has recently shown,¹ there is no adequate reason for connecting the death and resurrection of Adonis with the vernal equinox. And yet this is vital to Dr. Frazer's suggestion. The standard authority upon such subjects is the *Real-encyclopädie* of Pauly-Wissowa. As any reader will discover who consults the article *Adonis*,² the conclusions there adopted are absolutely irreconcilable with Dr. Frazer's theory, for it is maintained that the Adonis celebration took place not in the spring but in the middle of summer, that there was only one Adonis feast in the year, that its predominant note was entirely mournful, and that it was only "proleptically" and indirectly that the idea of resurrection was introduced. Of all this Dr. Frazer tells his readers nothing, which frankly does not seem a very scientific or scholarly procedure. But even if we granted all the premisses, it is certain that within a few years of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ the doctrine of His death and resurrection was regarded as the very keystone of the Christian faith. It would be incredible that His followers should not spontaneously have instituted a festival to commemorate this divine mystery. There is abundant evidence to prove that such a festival was kept from the beginning, and that it was a movable feast following the analogy of the Jewish pasch.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

This was, according to Dr. Frazer, merely a Christian adaptation of the Roman festival of the *parilia* or *palilia*. The evidence for this assertion is promised in the next edition of *The Golden Bough*. It must be sufficient to say here that even apart from the fact that St. George's day is April 23rd, while the *parilia* fell on April 21st, there is no possible doubt that the cult of St. George began in the East, and that at the end of the fourth century a great festival was kept in Mesopotamia on

¹ Lübeck, *Adoniskult und Christentum auf Malta*, Fulda, 1904, pp. 50—56.

² See Pauly-Wissowa, *Real-encyclopädie*, vol. i. p. 387, l. 46, and p. 390, l. 50.

April 23rd under the name of Elpidius, who was apparently identical with St. George. The cult of St. George was not introduced into Rome until the sixth century.¹

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

That this day, or rather the eve of the feast, coincided with various pagan celebrations which originated probably in some form of sun worship finding outward expression at the summer solstice may be readily admitted. Here again, as in the case of the Calends of January, Christian teachers freely denounce participation in the heathen and superstitious observances of this season. But Dr. Frazer's presentment of the matter is almost grotesque.

We may conjecture [he says] that the Church, unable to put down this relic of paganism, followed its usual policy of accommodation by bestowing on the rite a Christian name and acquiescing with a sigh in its observance. And casting about for a saint to supplant a heathen patron of bathing, the Christian doctors could hardly have hit upon a more appropriate successor than St. John the Baptist.

"Casting about for a saint"!—but as was pointed out above, if the Nativity of our Lord was kept on the eighth day before the Calends of January, the Nativity of the Baptist, according to their simple calculations, *must* fall on the 8th of the Calends of July, *i.e.*, on June 24th. If the pagan festival was really in any special way a water festival, which personally I doubt, we must recognize a pure coincidence in the fact that St. John Baptist should preside over the day.

THE ASSUMPTION.

Of this I have said something in the last number of THE MONTH, pp. 204—209. If the feast was, as seems certain, of Syrian origin, and if it was already in the fourth or fifth century celebrated in the East on August 15th, it seems quite superfluous to invoke the aid of the Arician Diana to explain its existence. And here again, as so often before, one asks in vain for one scrap of positive evidence to support an hypothesis which is entirely based on *a priori* arguments.

This article has extended to such length that I do not for the present propose to carry the investigation further. Of the

¹ See for the Eastern origin of the feast of St. George, Lucius, *Die Anfänge des Heiligenkults*, pp. 239—241.

supposed pagan origin of All Saints, I hope to treat elsewhere, and the connection of Christmas with the Mithraic (?) *natalis invicti* would need too long a statement to be dealt with in this paper.¹ In conclusion, I will only say that while one can in some measure sympathize with Dr. Frazer's ardour in generalizing and in his eagerness to reduce the working of man's religious instincts to some sort of law, one loses all confidence in a guide who is so blind to the fatal facility of his own processes. Were Dr. Frazer only to realize that his theories have explained away everything in the Christian religion, including even the historical fact of the Crucifixion, one might suppose that this reflection would give him pause. After all, Christianity has played some part in the world's history, and has exercised some influence upon the destinies of mankind; and yet on Dr. Frazer's principles it would appear that never yet was there an institution so lacking in initiative, so helpless, so receptive, so full of compromises, as this poor Catholic Church which some of us are foolish enough to think divinely inspired.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ I have previously discussed the subject in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, December, 1898, and January, 1899.

Notes on Religious Instruction in Schools.

(SECOND PAPER.)

IN times of impending stress there is ever a tendency to mistake the import of innovation, and it is thus somewhat unfortunate that the outline of a possible modification of the scope and method of religious instruction of the young should need to come under discussion at a moment when our school system itself is seen to be upon a precarious footing. Yet, inasmuch as the trend of events in the elementary school is unmistakable, and by means direct or indirect, motived or unmotived, the portion of the school programme effectively devoted to religion will become inevitably smaller, a discussion is more easily focussed on the necessarily-practical as against the possibly-desirable-but-unobtainable.

A first question arises as to the amount and kind of religious instruction which at present obtains in the schools. To this question no definite answer can be given. The work of a school in this subject depends largely upon the syllabus of the diocese in which the school is situated. A perusal of a number of these syllabuses shows in every case a provision for the learning by heart of prayers, hymns, and catechism, for an explanation of doctrine and for a knowledge of the Scriptures. But when we come to look at the matter which is detailed, we find—except in the case of the catechism, which is everywhere prescribed in its entirety—very varied estimates of what is considered desirable for children to know and possible for them to learn.

In one place the commonest prayers only are asked for, in another are added forms, which from their difficulty, or from the fact that they are meant only for occasional use, might well be sought for, when needed, in a manual of devotion. The requirements in Bible history vary greatly. To take the Old Testament for example: in one case the instruction is to cover the period from the Creation to Josue, in another case it is to be continued

to Solomon, and in a third a knowledge of the whole book is required. In the matter of doctrine the variation is not less marked, ranging as it does from simple courses embracing merely the common truths of faith and the ordinary practices of piety to elaborate schemes which might almost stand as synopses of a complete course in dogma.

It is admittedly a difficult matter to find the normal child for whom these programmes of instruction are framed, and local circumstances, such as irregularity of attendance, half-time, and age of leaving school, have no doubt complicated the search; but it is not easy to trace the connection between these circumstances and the courses as they exist. And, it should seem, an intimate inquiry into what an average child under ordinary conditions can be reasonably expected to acquire, would be of service in laying out the courses of the different classes.

The influence on school work of an elaborated syllabus is usually of doubtful value. The gain which results from the orderly plotting out of the field of study, finds a counterpoise in the routine character of a teaching effort which is felt to be in part vicarious. And when a syllabus presupposes a capacity which pupils do not possess, or sets forth more to be learned than time permits, and when, in addition, progress is tested by a rigid examination, little of good can result. For under such circumstances the natural order of learning, which lies in a separating (from the manifold) of elements which are seen to be allied to and an extension of already-existing knowledge, gives way to a haphazard piling up of facts which may not in any way correspond to the pupil's experience. And leisure, too, is lacking for the exercise of the selective faculty working in sub-consciousness, whence springs our idea of congruousness and our first appreciation of inherent value.

No small portion of the confusion of word and thing, of means and end, of process and result, so apparent in the ordinary work of the schools, and the consequent uselessness of school education for after-life has had its rise in the demands of syllabuses and inspectors. And in the department of religious instruction the remark applies with not less force. Here, moreover, the widespread practice of labelling schools as "excellent," "very good," "good," "fair," "moderate," and the need of obtaining a high percentage of correct individual answers as a condition of satisfactory classification have accentuated

the evil. An unhealthy rivalry has been set up among schools and departments of schools, a species of charlatanry has been fostered, and the happiness of pupils has been lessened. The insistence, in particular, on an individual and word-perfect repetition of a long list of prayers, and of the three or four score pages of a technically-written catechism, has impaired the teaching, and has been also the fruitful source of mental and physical suffering to those from whom nature has withheld the gift of a quick and retentive memory.

In taking up the teaching of any subject of the school curriculum it is well to realize in advance not only the special value in itself of the information we may convey, but also its probable effect upon the children. And this effect will largely depend upon the way in which the instruction is given. The careful teacher chooses such matter as may be intelligible to his pupils and in harmony with their feelings and interests. He prepares their minds to receive the lesson profitably by evoking the knowledge cognate to it which they already possess, so that his facts may not stand loosely out of context, but be recognized by the pupils as a development and amplification of what they already know. And in the act of presenting the subject-matter of his lesson he aims at the vividness and earnestness which secure attention and stimulate the children to make for themselves a further advance in knowledge.

It is to be feared that the careful pedagogic treatment accorded to secular subjects, which accounts for the progress made in certain directions during recent years has been for the most part overlooked in the teaching of religion. Yet, surely, it is just here that we have most carefully to weigh what we teach and with much greater solicitude than in the case of secular instruction must we look to the effect to be produced in the process of teaching: for it is here not merely a question of an advance in intellectual fitness but of nourishing a living faith, of inducing a true piety and of strengthening the moral fibre.

The religious instruction of the schools is usually ill-calculated to the attainment of these high ends. It is given indeed with vigour and devotedness, but the exercise of these qualities apart from a true perspective may produce little that is of benefit. And it must be said that the energy of the teacher is largely and inevitably—at times without a consciousness of perversion on his part—devoted to the production of a merely

verbal accuracy. Thus religious instruction tends to fall into place as one of a score of subjects of the school curriculum with little to differentiate it from the others save its monotony and its difficulty.

The disadvantage to the child of learning his prayers under these conditions is patent to all. We turn to the Catechism. And here we enter upon debatable ground. For while some urge that the completeness and precision of the Catechism entitle it to a central position in any scheme of religious instruction, others who have carefully observed the effect of the every-day Catechism teaching of schools are dubious of its utility.

To hold the latter view is of course in no way inconsistent with the keenest appreciation of the Catechism as an epitome of Christian Doctrine, for the little book was not written from the standpoint which the teacher of young children is bound to adopt if he means to bring his mind really into touch with the minds of his pupils. An analogy may make the matter clearer. Those readers who are so unfortunate as to have already reached middle life will remember their schoolboy attempts to extract a meaning from a certain confusing and indeterminate writer named Euclid. But they will admit to-day that these adjectives—or their schoolboy equivalents—were undeserved, and that Euclid is both clear and precise from the standpoint of the adult from which he wrote. And a new generation of teachers is taking this difference into account, and is endeavouring to frame a simpler and more concrete method of teaching the principles which he taught.

With care and patience it may be found possible to devise a procedure whereby the learning of the truths of religion may be in accordance with the child's capacity and development, and fruitful to him. Such a procedure does not lie in the Catechism as it is usually taught. Leaving out of count the hardship involved in the memorizing of it, the time—at least one half of the amount available for religious instruction—spent in the process and the lack of permanence of the matter learnt, two objections at least remain. One of these is the extreme difficulty of making actual to young minds any piece of knowledge by beginning with the definition—which is in the nature of a finished product of thought—and explaining the phraseology of its parts. The other lies in the fact that while the Catechism is ungraded in regard to difficulty of contents it is used as a school-book by all children alike from seven years of age to

fourteen. To the reader unused to actual teaching, this matter of gradation may not immediately appeal. A somewhat grotesque illustration will serve to bring home the point. Let him imagine the state of a school where the series of reading-books, which begin with the infant primer and advance almost imperceptibly in difficulty through the succeeding years of the school course, are all laid aside and extracts from standard authors used in all classes, where simple addition, the rule of three, and square-root are taught to all pupils promiscuously, and where children, without preparation, are immersed in the technicalities of botany and physics!

A careful grading of the material of knowledge so as to adapt it to the stage of advancement of the children is a main concern of the teacher. And if we start with an understanding that development is mainly from within we shall at once lay hold on an important truth of method, viz., the inadvisability of (i.) presenting information to a child for which he is not prepared, or of (ii.) stating in the rigid terms suitable to a cultured mind that which is understood best by the child from his own standpoint.

We do, as a matter of fact, make a concession not only to vocabulary, but also to concept, in our common dealings with the little ones. For instance, we allow the policeman to stand merely as the friend of the good and the foe of the wicked: we do not seek to present him either as a humble necessary instrument in a complex system of government, or as an embodiment of our innate striving for that which in the social order is best. We do not interfere with the literature of the nursery, for we recognize that the stories of giants and fairies and dragons are real to the child and show forth truths which it were labour lost to define for him. Indeed, the child allows to pass unchallenged fictions, obvious to him as such, for he is able intuitively to place them in a perspective in which an underlying truth shows most clearly to the immature mind. The wolf *speaks* to Red Riding Hood, and the frogs to the boys who throw stones into the pond, for in the one case the dominating idea is the danger of consorting with evil company, and in the other the inevitable protest of the weak against the tyranny of the strong. The subject is interesting: it has a counterpart in one direction in the myths of primitive peoples, and in another direction in the peculiarly metaphorical treatment of physical fact which we are forced to employ whenever we attempt to give an account

of psychical process. But we must not digress. The principle to be grasped is that true instruction is according to the stage of development at which the pupil has arrived, and that in every stage the effective organization of his knowledge must be in terms of his own understanding.

In other words, the dominant note of our teaching must be reality—reality as felt by the child. Now, there are some who have come to feel, in a way, a need for reality, but, from the fact that they have not gained the children's standpoint, construe the term as meaning no more than scientific exactitude. "Why?" for example, ask those of this school, "why do we allow a perpetuation of the fiction of angels' wings?" Why not? It is true the appendages do not bear a close inspection from the adult, scientific point of view. But it has already been shown that the child often gains his truest concept under conditions which have but little to do with fact, and it should seem that to substitute in this case a technical definition of angel in place of the commonly accepted "fiction" would be to walk backwards from reality, and in our regress to unclasp the hand which has guided childhood through all the ages.

It follows as a corollary to reality that the teaching should usually be positive. A teacher has asked the Catechism question, "What is God?" The children have replied, "God is the supreme Spirit who alone exists of Himself and is infinite in all perfections," and their reply is perhaps treated in some such way as the following: "A *spirit* is a living being. It can think and know, and it has free-will. But it has no body; it cannot be seen by us, or felt; it needs neither food nor drink nor house to live in as we do. The angels are spirits. God is the supreme Spirit,—*Supreme Spirit*, that is the highest or greatest of all the spirits. No one is so high, so great as God—*alone exists of Himself*, lives, continues to be, without help from anyone. We need help in order to live, help from our parents who provide us with home and food and clothing, and help specially from God, by whom all these good things are in the first place given. But God needs no help from anyone. And there is no other but God who can thus exist of himself—*infinite*, without end or limit—*infinite in all perfections*, there is no end or limit to the good qualities, or attributes, of God—to His wisdom, His goodness, His power." This explanation, which is not unrepresentative of its class, can hardly be looked upon as satisfactory: it is made up largely of negations, and

the central idea is obscured by the prominence given to its parts.

But even should the instructor manage to steer clear of the bare rock of negation, yet is there—so long as he limits his effort to the explication of Catechism terms—imminent danger of being caught in the vortex of verbalism. He is dealing with, for instance, the last clause of the definition just quoted. He shows first a school-book which has seen some wear: pages are missing—it is not *perfect*; then a penknife, of which a blade is broken: it, too, is *imperfect*; next, he draws freehand on the blackboard, a simple geometrical figure; he trims it with care, and eventually, by use of ruler and compasses, he evolves the square or circle. Here, indeed, in a sense, is *perfection* realized and made visible. And yet the explanation has done little or nothing to supply the child with an answer to the question, "What is God?" The lesson may have been excellent as a lesson in English or geometry, but such instruction is not religious instruction.

How far removed is all this from the kind of teaching made use of by our Lord, who in parable, in miracle, in illustration from nature and every-day occurrence, makes the truth patent, concrete, and real, even to the simplest of His hearers. In place of definition, He gives us description: God is a Father whose care extends even to the meanest of His creatures; and He is *our* Father. He is a King besides; His kingdom is Heaven, where the blessed do His will, as we, too, must do if we would enter into the kingdom. All we can have is from God, and we are to ask Him for all that we need—for our daily bread, forgiveness of our sins, deliverance from the wiles of the wicked one, and from every evil.

It seems clear that under existing conditions the ordinary every-day teaching of Catechism in the schools tends not a little to obscure the true purport of religious instruction. Some remedy may be found practicable in the substitution of a simplified form more adapted to the capacity of children, and by the omission of the more difficult sections from the courses of the younger pupils. And still more if instructors can be made to feel the need in their lessons of working up to the definitions, and of having them then memorized as a formulation of what has been taught. For, indeed, to begin with the ready-made definition and to comment loosely on its grammatical parts, is a slipshod method only too readily adopted by those who are

inclined to make use of the labour of others in order to save themselves the trouble of thinking out suitable lessons.

The question of Catechism teaching merits the careful and first-hand study of all engaged in the religious training of the young. And it is, without doubt, a question of how the Catechism may be used with the greatest advantage, and not of its employment as against other possible forms of instruction. For at any moment the teacher may need an exact statement of the truth which he is attempting to explain, and he must have to hand also a concise and authoritative exposition of the whole field of Christian Doctrine. And this means of guidance will become even more necessary if the efforts made in certain directions to restrict the work of the day-school staff to the teaching of secular subjects should meet with any measure of success, for in that case the religious instruction will have to be given largely by imperfectly trained volunteers. Not less necessary is it, too, that the child should have his information fixed and made precise, and should have stored up in his memory a form of words by which he can upon occasion express unmistakably that which he feels and knows.

To summarize. Present circumstances call for special effort in safeguarding and improving the religious instruction of the schools. In view of a reduction of the time available for direct religious training it may be well to modify existing schemes, so as to limit the field of instruction and to concentrate effort on what is of most importance.

Success in teaching depends on the kind of procedure employed. The methods of imparting secular knowledge have improved greatly, but not much has been done to improve the procedure of religious instruction, and it is for the most part routinary and antiquated. An exercise of skill in the teaching will mean simplicity and interest in the process and reality and permanence in the result.

All this, however, goes a part of the way only. In dealing with the ordinary subjects of the school curriculum it is no small part of the teacher's aim to prepare the pupil to display his knowledge for the credit of the school and as a means of advancement in after-life. In the religious instruction on the other hand these considerations can have but an obscure place. The attitude of the teacher should make manifest the difference, and should bring before the child the sacredness and dignity of

the subject. And the whole trend of the teaching should be towards an appreciation of religious truth and the formation of a lasting habit of virtue.

As conducing to these ends it is well to connect closely the daily religious instruction with the spiritual life of the children. To take a rough illustration: the fixing in memory of the common prayers will be sought in the devotional every-day repetition of them as a religious exercise rather than in a formal drill where rigidity of expression takes the first place. Other forms of prayer will be best learned at times when their use is seen to be necessary or fitting. If, for instance, the Litany of our Lady is publicly recited on her feast-days, and as occasion arises, the *De profundis* for the souls of departed relatives and friends of the children, the amount of learning-by-rote will be lessened and a truer meaning of the prayers will become apparent. And the "drill" which may be necessary as a supplement will then be looked on by the child not as a mere task but as a means to enable him at fitting times to do that which he sees to be desirable. The application of this principle is even more striking in the treatment of hymns, and, indeed, there is hardly a phase in the religious instruction of schools into which it may not effectively enter.

R. SMYTHE.

An Epilogue.

O my one true Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
O'er whom Thy tempests broke all night !
George Herbert.

THE motor crossed the river, and bore off westward, leaving Wimbledon on the left.

Hugh Trenacre Ferdinand Graye-Ecclesleigh blinked bravely against the rush of air, but had finally to be handed over to the nurse in the sheltered back seat. Here he went to sleep. He was being taken by his parents to visit his godfather, Arthur Trenacre, at the central house of the Brothers of Christian Hope, where Arthur had now lived for nearly a year. The visit was timed for half-past twelve, and Jean was to take the baby back at once to London, while Hugh would stay to lunch at the monastery and return alone later.

"You won't be able to go in, you know," said Hugh to Jean, "and supposing Arthur can't come out, I shall have to take the boy into the house for a minute. He must see him."

"If you do," said Jean, "and if he begins to cry, I shall certainly come in and see what the matter is, monastery or no monastery."

"He never cries with me," said Hugh.

This was arrogant, but true. So Jean, having no answer, made a virtue of the necessity of not seeing the inside of Arthur's dwelling, and felt a pleasant glow of mortified curiosity.

Inside the gates the ground rose, and, at a turn in the avenue, they saw the house. It was entirely built of red brick, with stone corners and copings, and dated presumably from the second George. It enclosed three sides of a quadrangle; and in a belfry was a clock, which, as they drove up, struck the hour wrong.

The car stopped, and the chauffeur rang.

After seven or eight minutes, a small boy muffled in a blue apron appeared.

"Mr. Trenacre," said the man.

"You'd better take my card," said Hugh; "can I see Mr. Trenacre?"

"I'll ask," said the boy, looking nervously at the card; then he vanished, shutting the door behind him.

"It's a comfort we've plenty of wraps," said Jean.

"Pretty quad, isn't it?" said Hugh, looking round on its bleakness; "I could stay here and gaze at it for hours and hours."

Just then Arthur appeared at another door.

"Hullo," said he, "I'd no idea you'd arrived. So glad to see you, Jean," and he shook hands, smiling. "How are you, old boy?"

"Shake hands with your god-son," said Hugh.

Arthur noticed that from a mountain of rugs at the back a small baby was being excavated.

"Dear me," said he, "so this is the son and heir. How do you do?" He shook hands ceremoniously, and the baby examined him with severe attention. Then it opened its mouth twice.

"Look how pleased he is to see you!" said Jean. "Dear thing! Take him in your arms, Arthur. Give Master Hugh to Mr. Arthur, Nathalie."

Arthur received the baby nervously. It immediately put out a fat hand, which finally encountered his chin. This being interpreted as a declaration of friendship, Arthur rose considerably in Jean's estimation.

"Hugh," said Arthur, "if only its eyebrows turn dark it'll be exactly like all you Ecclesleighs. It's got your *café au lait* hair already."

"Horrid boy," said Jean, "it's tawny. But you do look absurdly well. Doesn't he, Hugh? But do you always wear that thing?"

Arthur was dressed in a dark-green, almost black gown, clasped at the waist with a leather girdle, and with a white anchor on the breast.

"No," said he; "only inside the grounds. I wish I could show them to you. But you can come into the parlour if you like."

"Not for worlds," said Jean. "All religious parlours are exactly like dentists' waiting-rooms, except that they never open the windows, and have Illustrated Palestines on the table instead of *Punch*. Arthur, *do* take me into the grounds when they're all in church, or something. I won't tell, really!"

And she prepared to dismount.

"Look here," said Arthur, "if you're going to be frivolous you shall have a par all to yourself in a new society paper I'm going to run: it's going to be called 'Whipped Cream; or, Lurid Lights on London's Leading Ladies.' That'll keep you quiet. And as for the windows, well, look at them."

And in effect the windows all were standing wide.

"But pray don't let that damage your theory," said he.

"Oh, Arthur, *do* put me in," began Jean; but he stopped her.

"Aunt Ethelinda was down the other day," he said. "She asked after you people."

"How was she?" said Hugh.

"Just the same as ever. All sorts of questions, and never the least attention to the answers; and then, quite suddenly, something ever so kind and thoughtful."

He recalled her departure.

"Good-bye, dear man," the Duchess had said: "once I thought this wasn't much of a life for you. Now I'm not sure. But most people would think it the easier choice, I imagine."

"No two people find the difficulties—the really important ones, I mean, in the same place;" he had answered. "It's a delicate business to appreciate some one else's life by his circumstances. Still, circumstances deliberately chosen might well indicate one's ideals, I suppose."

"I don't know," said she. "Yours, for instance, are obviously otherworldly; their result is to have value in eternity or not at all. But couldn't work which doesn't seem to go further than just one's own circle—one's own day—have a real value; enough, in fact? I mean the sort of lives they rather turn up their noses at in the good books—just to have been an upright judge, or a writer of wholesome plays, when one might have written—well, the other sort; or to have been a decent politician—no, that's asking rather a lot; but to have lived decently for one's own natural setting, is that mere 'straw, stuff, and stubble'? That doesn't sound right," she added vaguely; "but you see what I mean."

"But, *chère tante*," he said. "Could one do 'just that,' without getting help from the maker of all good nature?"

"That's it, I expect;" she had answered smiling. "And once get him into it, and you get a dash of the Infinite. And if he sees himself in it, *he'll* recognize that 'it was good,' even if one doesn't see him or understand it one's self. We shall get into a sort of heaven, after all, we worldlings."

And she had driven off, and left to Arthur the sound impression of her good and strong will, which kept the ideals and standards of her household always rather higher than those that mostly flourished in her world.

But Arthur, thinking back over all this, had forgotten the baby which he was still holding, and the mutual sympathy, set up by force of sheer attention, evaporated. The small man, indignant, made himself perfectly rigid, opened his mouth, and shut his eyes tight.

"For heaven's sake, take him away, Jean," Arthur implored, in a panic. "Good-bye; glad to have seen you: do come again; good-bye; come in, Hugh."

Through the preliminary purr of the car, Arthur fancied he could catch a despairing wail. But Jean departed laughing, as he dragged Hugh into the hall.

"Aunt Linda," said he, wiping his forehead, and pointing to a row of eighteenth century engravings in the corridor, "thought that those were caricatures."

"And aren't they?" said Hugh rather maliciously.

They proceeded to examine the prints. Mostly they represented scenes in the lives of saints, or their apotheosis, where muscular angels, reposing on dense and local fogs, supported the holy personage in a dyspeptic attitude. At the foot would be the arms of the grandee to whom the print was dedicated. Often an emblematic cartouche, with a tag of Latin hexameter for motto, surmounted the vignette. Thus, above a saint, raised in ecstasy, a skyrocket was depicted, with the legend *Elevat Ardor*. Over another, scourging himself in his cell, was seen a clock with hands at midnight, and you read *Nec Noctu a Verbere Cessat*—"Night cannot Stay the Strokes." Over a pious youth suffering blows from an elderly persecutor, the medallion showed a spinet, and declared *Caedenti Respondet Amice*—"An Answer Sweet your Blow doth Greet."

"I wonder if there was much faith behind all that," said Hugh.

"Plenty at first, I expect;" answered Arthur. "One must allow for the secular equation. Unless you think that sincerity in art, or intellect, is only possible during persecution. But I'm afraid Court favour extremely soon killed what it meant to support, don't you? All that art was really Court-art, and it tricked out religion with Court conceits and affectations, and very soon Court-people and even simple folk became content with the fine appearances which still stood like a crust over dead and crumbling contents."

"What can one hope for," said Hugh, "when the vital demand for expression is dead? There is no impulse to form new art, and mere copying of old art is positively delusive, because it suggests that the old energy still exists. When you simply introduce an angel into a picture, or an *Ave* into a sermon, because it's the proper thing to do at this point, or when the sacred Monograms or the Cross become just convenient devices for filling spandrels or topping finials, all an artist—save the mark—can do is to go one better than his predecessors, make the angels more jovial, the saints more lackadaisical—and you get the *objets de dévotion* in the Jews' shops near Saint-Sulpice—no modelling, crude colour, frivolous and false expression. Then you must face the inevitable smash."

"It's a sad thing, though," said Arthur, "when the smash comes: the water gets frozen and the pipe bursts, and there's the dickens of a mess. Even a thaw's pretty bad. There are floods, and dead things come to the surface, and lots of mud gets carted about. . . ."

"Still, it's inevitable," urged the other: "and, worse luck, in far more important things even than religious art, when once the current of life gets too strong for its containing limits. But look here, I want my lunch: I'm perfectly cleaned, and yet here we are talking like undergrads in essays."

They had washed their hands, and now sat down to a meal of early Victorian amplitude, followed by cake and port. This was a tradition unconsciously preserved by the establishment from the days of its founder, Rolf Wood, who, having lost an arm in the Mutiny, had turned his thoughts to religion. After a cigarette Hugh was shown over the house, while Arthur changed into ordinary clothes; the two cousins then started to walk through Richmond Park.

"I say," said Hugh, "it's jolly having this so near you. Do you go out often?"

"Fairly often," answered Arthur. "The grounds aren't bad, but the views here are best. They like us to make a lot of nature. You remember old Mrs. Walden at dear Aunt Susan's? well, she was General Wood's daughter. The General was always strong on nature, so we hardly ever go out with a companion, or more than one, because in a mob you can't extract what he meant from it. Sounds unsociable, doesn't it? Well, we're frankly contemplatives, you know. Then he was very keen on flowers. That's why our gardens are always in such tip-top condition."

"Sort of pious remembrance of the old boy," said Hugh.

"N—no," Arthur replied; "a good deal more than just that. It's hard to explain how thoroughly he means us to use all nature for our way of contemplating God."

"Y—yes," Hugh imitated him. "But a trifle unusual, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," said Arthur. "It's on a par with our having our roofs flat so as to be able to look at the stars. He was a tremendous star-gazer, do you know. In fact, it almost made him inconsistent, and forget the earth and flowers. 'Earth's a beggarly thing, sir, after all,' he used to say, 'when you've stars to look at.' Odd, wasn't it, in a soldier?"

"Daresay you learn to value it on active service," said the other. "I sympathize, you know. But you must be a terrifically romantic lot."

"I'm not nearly as romantic as you, as a matter of fact," rejoined Arthur, laughing; "and I'm at liberty to deny that romantic's an injurious epithet. Chivalry's romantic; so are real saints; and didn't they expect you and me, Hugh, to turn out *sans reproche*, more by way of having an enormous respect for women, as for our incontestable superiors, than by thinking them a low-down lot, not worth bothering about? A true view; and, for a sound man, the best doctrine. And so on."

His voice grew slightly harder.

"As for the star-gazing," he went back, "the stars increase my sense of faith and repose. I hate over-analyzing these things, but the main impression they make is of independence. So many, so tiny, yet so bright and steady: what an awful confusion any interference would make, one imagines, and how splendidly it all succeeds without it. And, on the other hand, so huge! so remote! so absolute! And daylight dazzles us to them. But there they are all the same. Even one article of

faith, over-exclusively realized, may throw one out of gear for all the other issues and relations. . . ."

The day, thought Hugh, was being fairly successful. Arthur was quiet and kindly; yet the conversation, which interested them both, had failed to bring them quite to close quarters. It was perfectly true that Hugh was romantic, with the real romance of which a good-natured, independent, very well educated Englishman is mostly capable. The days of his old friendship with Arthur at school, at the 'Varsity, were very nearly his dearest memory; he had a heartache of gratitude and desire when he thought of them; they had been withered, of course, and then wholly scorched away in Arthur's unhappy years; and even now, he recognized that just that simple affection, that fresh and exhilarating comradeship in adventure, could not be renewed. A closer tie might perhaps be knit between them, or had been knit. But at present Hugh was feeling, not so much that anything lay between himself and Arthur, as that something deeper in the Arthur now restored to him had yet to be sounded.

They went on talking about Arthur's life. No one under twenty-five, Hugh gathered, was admitted to the postulanship, which lasted six months. After one more year of noviciate, the candidates pronounced vows, from which dispensation was quite easily given, and which were therefore binding for a year only. Yet such dispensations were rarely asked for, though very few of the Religious were ever ordained. It was, perhaps, an unusual feature that, in this contemplative Order, the very widest reading, historical especially and topographical, was urged; pictures and photographs supplied the widest and most vivid knowledge possible even of the physical face of the world. It was said, half in joke, that General Wood had almost ruled that members of his Order should spend six months of the year in travel, and the remaining six in meditating on what they had seen. Certainly all that was most striking in the life of a big town was branded into the imagination of postulants before he judged they had experience enough to join the Order, which he saw, with some apprehension, increase rather rapidly. Most of his postulants, it is true, had given themselves sufficient experience of at least some sides of existence to have matter for their will, in the manner contemplated by the old soldier-mystic, to work upon. And the vigour of that working was almost perceptible with the senses in that house. Hugh was

conscious of an atmosphere of energy, yet of calm ; of intense appreciation, yet detachment ; of restriction, yet of liberty, pervading its inhabitants ; he was aware of an *asceticism* continually going on, difficult to analyze or to assign definitely to any one action or doctrine. It must be a particular way of living.

The cousins had at length reached the highest point on the road to Richmond. Arthur halted, and, turning, found a wide view of London visible. The sun was already far to the west, and sent a strong light, from beneath a pile of dust-coloured clouds there alone heavy and impenetrable, upon the woods and fences, picking out each trunk and branch and tuft with astonishing distinctness ; and of the naked twigs, or of the oak and beech leaves still clinging to their trees, making a haze of brilliantly golden brown. The same splendour seemed to suffuse the grass, and the roads, and a cottage opposite them. But all the sky, northward and to the east, was of a most delicate blue, paling rapidly into lavender at the horizon, whence there came, sailing across it, all manner of little clouds, luminous in the extreme, amber, transparent gold, and cream-colour : where the shadow took them, they had amethystine reflections from the sky. It was all amazing crisp and clear, and the rapid changes generated a kind of hilarity, of childlike gaiety which affected Hugh strangely, and seemed incongruous. For between the exquisite sky, and the bright brown woods, lay the grey and lilac shadow, London, and rising from it, faintly red or bistre, all the long line of high places which makes its backbone, seen, from this point, somewhat foreshortened into the appearance of a group. The great wheel ; the Kensington museums ; tall chimneys at Chelsea ; and the campanile at Westminster ; the towers of Parliament ; city churches, with Wren's spires ; and, gloomy in the distance, St. Paul's. At night all this must lie one huge blackness, with bright points, and above it a pall of sombre glare, intense here and there, and most of all in the areas of the great theatres.

"That is London," said Arthur, "where we never go."

His voice had changed ; and Hugh, looking at him, realized for the first time how deep scarred were the lines round Arthur's mouth. Yet his forehead and eyes were singularly clear.

"You know," said he, "that our houses are all built in sight of a big city, if possible. We can see London even better from our roof. But we don't go back."

"Do you remember," said Hugh, "looking across at Oxford

from above Marston? Such a curious light—after rain, it was, We thought what a meaning the place had when every single one of those towers marked a point from which a sort of fountain of praise leapt up to God. With that light pouring down over it from the edge of the clouds, it did look just as if a sort of golden flood had only just stopped playing up into the sky, and was sinking back in the shape of liquid light, bringing a blessing with it."

Arthur's eyes were riveted on London, and he had grown very white. "That was a delusion," he said. "That all stopped long ago. And the wrong has to be rectified all over again . . . we have to cope with it . . . doesn't it seem cruel and ridiculous?"

"It never occurred to you, I suppose," said Hugh, "to become an Anglican?"

Arthur turned dazed eyes upon him.

"How should it?" he said; "it had no real credentials of life to give me. In fact, it hadn't enough vitality to offer itself as a candidate. And no one now *really* expects to find in it an ally; still less, an enemy. But I don't think we were really face to face when you said that."

He paused, and then turned back to his cousin. Hugh felt at once that now at any rate it was Arthur's deliberate intention to take him as completely into his mind as was possible. He felt as though he were to enter on a pursuit of Arthur's thought in which he could only fail because of some power, stronger even than Arthur's will, sweeping that thought so rapidly to its goal that he, slow and inexperienced, could not follow it. But the obstacle would not come from Arthur, who spoke, for the most part, as coldly almost as a medical demonstrator.

"I remember your writing to me that you thought it odd that I'd joined a contemplative order, since I think it so possible that the greatest revolution of all is imminent, the absolute break with the past—as far as the world can break with its past and still subsist—anyhow, the abolition of all that is founded on Greece and Rome; of all philosophies, for instance, dependant from Aristotle, and all organizations implying Roman law, knit up with Roman reminiscences and places; and the triumph of mechanical and backgroundless democracies. Certainly, at such a time it's odd enough to join a contemplative—a 'useless'—body, that doesn't even preach or turn out erudite authorities, and that certainly doesn't organize 'social forces' . . . well, no

doubt I joined it chiefly because I first *felt* it was my place—how people, and Catholics even, might laugh at that! yet the argument might be pushed further; my very conversion! could I *help* it? were my 'reasons' the same as the set I had to present to those who had a right to *ask* for my reasons? Mightn't one say one *oughtn't* to know *why* one was converted, because any argument is liable to be knocked on the head at any moment, and then you're hung up. Aunt Ethelinda's idea, 'Don't give me arguments for your Church,' she said, 'but tell me about your conversion.' Why, I could give points, simply, to anyone who wanted to make out that my conversion was simply natural, simply an inevitable stage in my life. Eight out of every ten converts could, I suppose. But when once the step's taken, how experience justifies it! 'What you confess to-day, you shall perceive to-morrow.' And yet there must be a preliminary, fundamental perception, before even the mind can confess. The Spirit of God in one. *In* one, not merely inside, but making one's nature meaningless if one leaves it out of one's reckoning up of one's self. It must be there before one can believe, in any proper sense. It must make one verify twice over in one's consciousness what the Bible speaks, or the Church speaks; first, sufficiently to make one make the leap; then, to make one vitally believe—quite a new sort of belief, it seems, though possibly it isn't—what authority declares. One must know the truth *in one's self* before one knows *what* authority is saying or even that it is speaking 'for me' at all. I'm afraid this is a digression. For my own personal life two facts are very clear to me. First, I've incapacitated myself for normal work."

He paused again, and his face had grown ghastly. Hugh felt incredibly humiliated at what he knew was Arthur's meaning; and above all, feared even more acutely, with a contraction of the heart, that Arthur's complete frankness (of implication, rather than of language) meant more than ever that the old relations were completely passed . . . that if the new were to be close, if any intimacy as of brothers was to subsist, it must be in a spiritualized way of whose possibility he felt himself almost too keenly conscious, for, once possible, it became duty.

"You can't finally incapacitate yourself;" he said. "God can *create* clean hearts."

"God's miracles," answered Arthur, "are, don't you think so, assertions only of some higher law, which we don't recognize.

And we *can* verify in ourselves, that when we have spoilt ourselves for something, we can never again do or get just *that*. One may get higher activities to replace the old, but in this life, never just those old ones. And," said he, with much pain in his voice, but no gloom or recklessness, "body, brain, and spirit, I have incapacitated for the tremendous exigencies of the modern apostolate. I could never do what will be required of priests, of all active workers in the social efforts, or the scientific and historical work which are now necessary if the Church is to go *in* the modern movement, not behind—not even just abreast, and divorced precisely because merely parallel. The reconversion of Europe! The new counter-reformation! And men like you are to be for so much in it, Hugh; however much, politically, our new brooms succeed in sweeping away the 'picturesque anachronism' of your House. But just as a layman, in your position, and with your chances. . . ! But what a sermon. Anyhow, in one sense I envy you.

"But though all that's not for me, in the odd life of this association of ours there's a good deal of modernism, I fancy, in our application of principles as old fashioned as Christianity itself. I suppose no one can deny that the great lesson the Christian world ought to be learning is the reinterpretation of nature. Are we going to suppose that God was without His intention in this extraordinary development of sheer knowledge, any more than He was in developments of sheer power, like Cyrus's, or Alexander's, or Rockefeller's; . . . or of spiritual forces, like Mahomet's, or Hegel's? We learn that here, or try to. *Everything* is naturally Christian, Tertullian's real meaning, consistently ignored, though the words are not misquoted. And though, to save us from the perils of delusion which increase in proportion to the greater value of action as much as of thought, we have much positive denial, many subtractions, in our life; yet our main object is, as it were, to fuse into one the three great operations of which we have so often talked, you and I, the using of Nature to reach God, the *withdrawal* from Nature to see God, the return, after that long struggle, to peacefully see God in nature, in one's self, *both* in *one* understanding. . . . Why, even in Heaven, if it is true that this world is not to be destroyed, but *made new*, shall we just see it in God, and not rather, in one splendid presentment of all truth correlated, it and God in one glance? Who knows? But there must be a tremendous meaning in the resurrection of

the body, and in the feast of the Assumption. And in Communion, it's the *flesh* of Christ that keeps our *soul*."

"Yes," said Hugh. "But you seem to expect your Heaven here and now, if you can achieve so much."

"Perhaps you forget," said Arthur, "that even in the very act of attention to nature, and even of seizing God in nature, there is the wresting away of the will from the thing itself! And the *more* you rejoice in nature—Oh, beginning quite low down, in a perfect anything, a good engine, or man-of-war, the more keenly you appreciate its glorious *goodness*, and, far more, when you verify its real sacredness, the more it is agony to wrest your will away from it, *your* will that *it*—that just that 'it'—should live; *your* determination that it should survive, which in a sense makes you set up as its Creator. It reaches its penultimate point in what one *does* create, writing, thoughts, activities resulting from one's commands: nothing of it is to be refused, all is to be intensely appreciated and willed; but only *within* that inclusive vision of God and it; from *it* the will must be unriveted. And most of all in friendship, which is the divinest thing we have. One's own life asserts that one is the master, absolute master and possessor of what one loves so much—its servant, too, no doubt, but that's a different point of view—well, from *that* form of will to live, the soul must be wrested. Yet, the positive fact of the affection won't be denied or refused—God forbid. But there is an interior rending, and an interior reconstitution. It is, for the will, what the vague apprehension, and the divisive judgment and the triumphant syllogism is for mind."

"Are you habitually conscious of that?" asked Hugh, scarcely listening to himself.

"Oh, no;" answered he. "No doubt in a house like ours the formal mystical life is more habitually 'there,' than in any other sort of life. But usually things are very straightforward. And we do hope, that by the sheer force of living, such a houseful of tense wills for *God's* life, ought to produce that life; to import some sort of divine power into this chaos of a world which seems to have in it only disruption of elements all meant for synthesis into Jesus Christ. If it *willed* even the disruption," he said, smiling, "it might have some chance! Our own life is the verification of the truth that only from death life can come, and that from the beginning of the world the Lamb has been slain, since from the beginning of the world life has never been lacking to man's soul."

Only a dark shadow marked where London lay between trees and sky ; clouds had come up, colourless and tumultuous. In the branches the wind moved anxiously, and the scene was all in trouble. But nothing was clearer to Hugh than the immense strength stirring and gathering itself in the man at his side ; for a moment or two, indeed, Arthur's figure seemed to grow gigantic, mingling with the heavy sky and the trees and marshalling the winds ; the future seemed to be the absolute realm of this man's will, which was God's. But he checked himself ; feeling that not yet was Arthur more than martyr—a martyr still at the stake, still offering to God mystic incense of an agony of division. It was the agony of that will-sacrifice which had made him pale and his voice cold and hard ; he seemed shrunken, too, as Hugh looked at him conscious again of Arthur's normal personality at his side.

It was a simple story, he reflected, as they turned back through the park—silent as they had been on that evening near Bordighera which had marked a watershed, as it were, for their spiritual histories. The simple story of a man who had trusted, for a space, to his own intellect, his own will, had suffered, had come back to the right life. But into that outline, what passionate colouring, tumultuous details, had been crowded. And in the future, God—infinately aloof, indescribably near—alone knew whither that very dear friend of the old days was moving. How dreadful was this place, thought Hugh, where there were souls like Arthur's, in which God was almost tangible ; how awful a history, in which God and Arthur and himself had been the actors ; how marvellous a destiny must be *his*, if he were still to be comrade with those other two !

They had tea together at the monastery. Hugh could scarcely talk or eat. And the sense of God's gathering presence was even more crushing when, later, they knelt in the dark chapel, before the altar. And again Hugh could neither think nor pray. But the altar stood for two things, Sacrifice and Communion. Hugh therefore took Arthur's hand for a moment as he knelt.

"Don't come out with me," he whispered. "Stay here." And Hugh deliberately separated himself from him, and went back to his life in London, all the world having become his sanctuary, in which a communion was establishing itself independent of time and place.

In a Western Mining Camp.

I HAVE the picture of it vividly before me as I write—that little town set on a hill—as the plodding train winds its way up the 4,000 odd feet from the level of the lakes. There you disembark from the boat which has taken you down the great green lakes of British Columbia ; lakes that look so calm, and yet whose under-current is so deadly. Now the train laboriously ascends the hill through pine, cedar, and tamarack, until you first see the distant lights ahead, that seem to beckon you on to the haunts of men out of the wildness of virginal lake and forest. So steep is the grade that twice the train has to "switchback," that is, go backwards on an up-grade like a great V, in order to lessen the pull. Gradually the lights grow clearer and you pass the Chinamen's "shacks" or small wooden houses where John lives and keeps his market-garden, and like the rest of his race, flourishes. Then the train gets on the flat at last and pulls into a typical western Station.

You arrive tired and not inclined for anything except sleep. It is very late at night. The keen air of the mountains is upon you ; you are now half-way up to the level of perpetual snow.

This western mining camp is a little city of romance and tragedy both, tragedy because it is a city of the past with a sad, sad history. It is a "has been" city and its deserted stores and houses bear silent witness to a day when it was prosperous, and people jostled one another on the side-walks of the main street. Romance, because like in every city of the "wild and woolly West" men and women live hard, and no one points the Puritanical finger of scorn, since each has his own little tale to tell.

The town was once prosperous, as I have said, and people drank champagne for breakfast, and built absurdly fine public buildings, out of all proportion to requirements.

It is barely ten years ago, since the first rush for the gold that lies close to the heart of the town. And now—those who

have known it will tell you, almost with tears in their eyes, that you must not think the town as it now stands, bears much resemblance to what it was. But in the saloons of an evening you can still get an idea of what it used to be. There is much drinking, and little drunkenness. For it takes a lot before your Westerner reaches that delectable point, when to use his own words, "he can't hit the ground without his hat." There is always a little entertainment going on. In one, a variety entertainment is given every night. Here the incongruity of the West flashes upon you as you sit smoking your cigar—we only smoke cigars out West—and sipping your "Schlotz," beer or whiskey; and you must keep an eye on your drink, otherwise you will find your glass empty.

The little girl at the piano—(and how she played too! I can hear her now, playing as if her heart were in it), played now a rag-time, now a dreamy waltz. You have not much idea what it is, but you know it is just lovely to hear, and it takes you back to Oh well, be hanged to that! It's "drinks all round" and an end to tender memories. Anyway the little girl seemed out of place in the saloon listening perforce to coarse jokes from coarse men and coarse women who occupied the stage, lit by its ten electric lights. There were ten, I know, because I saw a merry miner smash nine and failed at the tenth, because he saw a look on the girl's face. And in the scuffle that ensued during the process of his ejection I heard him mutter that he had left the tenth light, to show the little girl she was too good for that rotten outfit. Italians, Swedes, Yankees, Englishmen, and Chinese—"chinks" as they call them out West—all come into the saloons, and of all this conglomeration one nation only never gets drunk, and never shows much feeling, and that is the Chinese. The Englishman sitting opposite me was out in South Africa and won distinction there. He has won distinction in the West too, but as Kipling would say, "that is another story," and he won't ever get a medal for his deeds in the West.

But that girl at the piano beat everyone there. She was "straight." Everyone knew that. But none knew how she could sit there night after night. It was \$3 an evening—good money for a girl to earn, even in the West, where a dollar has the buying value of eighteen pence of English money. The truth was she was left stranded in the world, without father or mother, and she chose the first thing that came. So take off

your hat to her, for the tunes she played and the wine she did not drink.

But the women on the stage. God! what a sight, and what an object-lesson; women that make the worst of men seem good. They come to the saloons from the "red-light district." That is where these children of misery congregate and barter their souls for money. Ah! This "red-light district!" What an object-lesson for those who think. It is where the women who have sold themselves to shame are forced to herd together by the authorities, down in "Chinatown." There amongst the Chinese they are allowed to ply their sad profession—call it nothing worse than sad—for these women were children once, without thought of evil. Then they fell out by the way, and in a sudden moment they saw the world pass by and lift aside its garment, that it might not be defiled. So now they live amongst the Chinese, and join in the laughter that ends in madness. Every once and again they are brought before the magistrate and are fined; after which they go back again to their dens.

Close by, overlooking "Chinatown," is the Sisters' Hospital, where the sick and wounded of the town are tended with rare devotion. It stood out like a haven of peace and safety, and reminded one of the Psalmist's words, "He watching over Israel neither slumbers or sleeps."

In the West a great deal of the hospital work is left to the nuns of the Catholic Church, and they are held in universal reverence, irrespective of creed and race. Sometimes you see a "rig," or light four-wheeled cart, slowly wending its way down the hill from the mines, half a mile from the outskirts of the town. And on the "rig" lies a wounded miner, a victim to the lust of gold. Perhaps he has a broken leg, or his head is terribly injured. A comrade at his side is helping to cheer him. He also props him up, in an attempt to lessen the joltings of the "rig." Thus they make their way to the hospital, and there, out of the turmoil, the wounded man is carried gently in and cared for by the Sisters, till one day, with a rough outburst of honest gratitude, he goes out again into the busy world, well, hearty, and ready once more for the battle of life.

So much for the tragedy and pathos of life in a mining camp. But out West there is no town which has not a dash of romance. As you walk down the main street you will pass every sort of man. That man over there came out from

England with twenty thousand pounds and is now glad to earn \$100 a month in an assayer's office. He had plunged a bit too recklessly in the mines, and lost every penny he had, but nothing daunted sets his face towards remaking his fortune. Those two men across the way are ne'er-do-wells, and are now on their way to an hotel bar, where they will spend the afternoon and evening drinking, or later on quarrelling. Fifteen cents for a drink, and two for twenty-five cents. That is the score, and be careful how you stand treat, for every one's your friend at the hotel bar. Yet they are gentlemen withal, these wild Westerners, and if you want to remain sober you can always accept a cigar instead of a drink, and no one thinks any the worse of you. In the evenings the cards are brought out, and the stakes sometimes run high. There was one great night when we all stood round to watch a game of "poker" which had reached the supreme moment when an old hand held a strong "full house," and a youngster just out from England had fours. There must have been as much as \$300 on the table, and the betting was now between these two, the rest having thrown down. Each was confidently raising the other two dollars at a time—at \$400. The eyes of the youngster were half out of his head, and the face of the old hand was set and not outwardly anxious. . . . There was a sudden lurch on the part of the youngster. He had fainted and fallen off his chair, and his cards fell out of his hand to the floor. On appeal to the bar-tender, the money was given to the old hand. "Mighty hard luck," several thought, then the youngster was cleared out, and a few weeks afterwards I saw him digging pole holes, for which he was getting twenty-five cents an hour. All night long the worshippers of Bacchus keep up their merry revels in the saloons, and one's sleep is occasionally disturbed by a more than usually hearty outburst of laughter at some joke which has given universal satisfaction.

As one gets off to work in the early hours of the morning an old pal hails you affectionately, and tells you there is just time for one more drink. His hair is very dishevelled, his hat is badly battered, one of his bootlaces is undone. In an hour or two he will go back to his room and "sober up." A good fellow is the miner, in spite of his frequent relapses from the paths of virtue.

High up on the first set of hills outside the town are the principal mines. There the gold ore is brought up from the deep levels where the miners of all nationalities mix together,

working with their drills and other tools. They work by the aid of candles. The ore is brought up to the surface, and carried by a continuous chain of conveyor buckets to the dumping place. It is then shot down to the large freight cars of the railway companies; then taken off to the smelters, where it is put through various processes until it is sent in boxes to all parts of the world—pure gold dust. For this gold men risk their lives, their honour, and their reputations. How many fail, how few succeed in a mining camp! Hopes run so high, and only those who have been badly "bitten" know how dangerous it is to put one's trust in gold mines. There is not much outward display of religion. There are four churches, all of wood, and all fairly well attended. I should say about one person out of twenty-five is the church-going average. The Salvation Army holds its little open air meetings in the main street. But in spite of the earnest appeal of the corporal who is haranguing the crowd, and begging it to save itself from being damned, the mining camp are not very susceptible about the future state of their souls. Yet when the horrors of an accident come upon us, men become suddenly silent, and I have seen tears come into the eyes of those who have a moment before been blaspheming, on seeing the funeral of a little boy who was a popular favourite, and who had been drowned in the eddies of the neighbouring lake. The mother saw him drown before her eyes, and as the train men were not allowed to take a dead body on their train without special permission, the poor mother had to keep vigil for two lonely hours over the dead body of her only child at a small wayside station, until finally an engine and special car came to take her and her child back to their home. It was a bright Sunday morning on which the child was buried, when more than two hundred men followed the coffin to the grave, and as they walked silently and with heads bowed, who knows what was passing in their minds as they tramped along the quiet roads to the public cemetery?

Miners have a strong superstition that if there is one death there will be two more to follow; and within a week of the death I have recorded, two others died suddenly.

Oh! one sees every kind of life in a mining camp—good, bad, and indifferent; but mostly indifferent. Standing at night at one part of the town, you could see before you the lights of the town. Down the main streets the saloon lights flared. Men came in and went out. Laughter and shouting was in the air,

and in the distance you could hear the puffing of an engine drawing its load up the incline. Below, as you stood on the highland, were Chinese standing outside their doors in "Chinatown," and through the door of one of their stores you could see a party of them indulging in a game of "fantan," their national gambling game. Overhead the stars shine brilliantly, and right ahead of you on the other side of the town the lights of the mines, arc and incandescent, show up all along the side of the mountain. The rattle of the conveyors tells the city that the gold which supports her is being steadily poured into the hungry buckets; and far away in the distance are the mountains of British Columbia—those mountains which to have seen once is to love. They have a saying in the West, that if you take a journey across the mountains, as you reach the crest of one there are always three more ahead of you. From the summit of one of these hills the clouds seem to be wafted over the face of the waters which run in the valleys until in the dim light of evening it is difficult to discern the river from the mist and the clouds. It is all so silent, the stillness being only broken by the coyotes which still have their home in the heart of British Columbia. Standing alone on one of these mountains looking down into the valleys, and seeing on all sides the bush, with its lofty cedars, pines, and tamaracks, one feels at one with nature. Nothing discordant is here, just the wild, rugged mountains, which were placed there in the far-off ages of long ago by one gigantic upheaval of nature, an upheaval which left the valleys ready for the stately rivers to wind their way through along their mighty courses. Above the rivers stretch the illimitable hills, some in their perpetual mantles of snow; others, thickly clad with trees up to the limit of the timber line, after which to the crest is stubble, rock, and stunted plant life.

To gaze on these mountains is a never-ending delight, and to the stranger who has travelled from the crowded cities of his English home-land, and who strains his eyes to drink in the beauty of it, the sight is one never to be forgotten. London feels a long way off, and it is. Yet, from over the lofty peaks, in the ears of the exile, there seems to be wafted the old familiar sounds; the tinkle of the hansom cab; the hum of the crowd; the echoes of busy feet seeking pleasure and self. And then he looks again on the mountains, and surveys their beauty and grandeur, and realizes that the home of the Infinite lies "in the majesty of the hills."

In the middle of summer when the hot rays of the sun beat down fiercely on the mountain top and valley, when all vegetation is dry, and crying out for rain, of which there seems to be no sign,—it is then that the forest fire starts. It may be the careless dropping of a match, or the end of a cigar which causes it. Or some children may have lit a bonfire and left it there till it spread to the dry twigs that lie on the ground amidst the bracken, and behold! there springs up that terror of the Western lumberman, a forest fire. It is a sight which once seen, is ineffaceable from one's memory. Whole regions of forest ablaze, the fire burning furiously, and ever stretching out its lurid arms for more fuel. It rises high into the heavens above the tops of the highest trees. Then it switches round on itself, and again it rises up to heaven; and above the flames the dull brown smoke overhangs the countryside for miles around. Giant cedars burning in two or three different parts at the same time; cedars, sixty to seventy feet high, which have graced the forest for long years, and which have already been picked out by the lumberman as choice specimens to be felled. Now, the flames have taken out their strength, and the crash of falling timbers reverberates through the forest. And all that is left of the once proud tree is the charred and mutilated remnants, shattered by the fall, and lying on the ground to dissolve into the bosom of mother earth, and from out whose ashes new trees will spring, which one day will again rear their great heads heavenwards. Yes. The sight of a forest fire baffles description. Yet a tough Westerner once got near it. "I guess," said he critically, "this is just about what Hell's like." And indeed, to watch the lurid mass of forest giving itself up to the wantonness of its own ruin is like nothing but a view of the Inferno.

The destruction caused by these fires is great, and to the lumberman, who owns large tracks of forest property with fine timber which he can sell at great profit and quick returns, these fires are a curse. They represent losses of tens of thousands of dollars at a time, and when the kind rain comes, though often it comes too late to save very much, he thanks God with a grateful heart. They are rough men, these lumbermen, and their camp life is rude and primitive. It is a healthy life, nevertheless, and I doubt if a hardier, healthier, happier set of men could be found than the "tree-fellers" of the West. Their camp fare is plain, but how good it tastes after a hard day's work in the bush! tramping along through the thick undergrowth with

the men who fell the trees, or with the teams that drag the great trunks to the "skidways" alongside the railroad track. There, with their branches lopped and bark peeled, they are rolled on to flat cars and shipped to their destination. But before getting them to the railway track the teamster must come with his team and drag the poles two at a time to the "skidways." Then other men come who roll the poles with "peevies," as they are called—handy weapons which enable these men to play with fifty-foot poles as if they were toys—on to the "skidway," and afterwards from the "skidway" on to the flat railway cars.

There is much to learn in the lonely, silent life of the forest ; much to interest one in the tales of the hardy lumbermen, whose axes now resound where formerly (and not so long ago either) the Indian stalked in possession of the land unhindered and unmolested. Now the "pale-face" has ousted him from what he still considers to be his own land—the forest primeval. To-day the Indian is a decadent. He is no longer the grand specimen he was when he hunted the buffalo and fought madly against the inroads of the adventurous white man. Times have quickly changed, and now he moves among the white men whom of old he hated and despised, and is in turn despised and barely tolerated.

Ah! well. The West has its own great charm, and the mining camps have attractions for all. And on the night when the same train, which months back had conveyed me up the steep ascent, took me down to the lakes of silver, I gazed up at the lights of the little town with a vague regret for something that I was leaving which was good.

J. HAROLD CORNISH.

A Phase of the French Transition.

WHEN St. Louis of France built a hospital for lepers, he built a palace. (Such extravagance has been notable in saints, from the Magdalen onward.) Pavilions, connected by cloisters, enclose a great garden. Walls and pillars are of massive stone. The style is Mooresque. There should be palm-trees; orange-groves; gnarled, grey-green olive-trees; prickly cactus plants; in that walled-in garden. Veiled women should flit silently along those dim cloisters, those winding garden paths.

I wonder why Diane de Poitiers chose to live in part of that hospital? What portion was given her for dwelling was transformed into a palace: probably without precaution against infection. And truly, the undiscovered microbe seems to have refrained from such malice as is ascribed to him, now that he is found convicted, execrated! So, for some years, a beautiful and erring woman held court within those walls, and a King, Francis I., came to and fro to visit her. I wonder if Diane the beautiful used to steal in and out amongst those poor lepers, those holy women next door? It is said that she gave her palace back to the hospital. Some think, too, that she did penance for her sins.

Veiled women there are (alas! must I not already say "there *were*"?) within those walls. Nuns, Augustinians of *l'Hôtel Dieu*, founded in the eleventh century wholly for the service of the sick. Within that enclosure for hundreds of years they have made a refuge and a home for the most afflicted of God's children. Last November they were to be driven away unless they would renounce their religious vows, cast off their religious habit, and become the paid servants of an anti-religious Government.

That vast hospital is now divided into two distinct parts: one for surgical cases, and the other for leprosy and all manner of skin diseases. For some time past the Government has "administrated" the whole institution. From the day when

the French Government "undertakes the administration" of a religious institution, to the day when it takes entire possession, there is a slow process of vitiating, together with a gradual ousting, leading up to the final expulsion. *Infirmières*, i.e., ward attendants, appeal from the nuns to the "Administration," and are upheld, and kept in their places. Thus bad work, and a bad tone, enter into the wards, and the seeds of disorder and discontent are sown. The nuns, and the *infirmières* approved of them, nursed each patient with the skill of experience, the devotion of love. Rough men, men embittered by want, sin-stained, scoffers at all religion, came into that atmosphere of real, practical Christianity, and were forced to love and respect religious women. Less rough, less bitter they must become under such influences of gentleness and kindness. I wonder how often souls, white from the Sacrament of Penance, left those wards—in the body, or out of the body. How many rebels against Christ there learnt to love Him, to obey all lawful authority in obedience to Him? How often did the Communist, the Anarchist, the Apache, leave those wards wiser and better men? But with the "Administration" above, and its hirelings below, the nuns are perpetually hindered and balked. Apparently responsible, they are actually powerless. Patients suffering from the inefficiency, inattention, or evil manners of the *infirmières*, blame the nuns, who seem to be in authority. Insult and complaint from the sick, impertinence from their subordinates, insolence even from workmen employed on the premises,¹ contempt from the Administration—so the work of deterioration goes on. At last a paternal Government, after years of patient waiting and watching, rescues the patients from incapable and negligent Religious, and gives them into the care of paid lay-women, often untrained. Who can blame the Government for that action? It is fully justified by the complaints of patients, and of the Administration. There are definite charges of neglect, inefficiency, unkindness. Throughout the institution are signs of disunion and disorder. To-day, as before the Great Tragedy of Christianity, intrigue makes straight the path before outrage.

Towards the close of such a phase of transition, we visited the Hospital of St. Louis, in Paris: Mère C——, from Ireland, Sœur E——, Parisian, and I from England. This was last

¹ Workmen, requiring the key of the chapel, would sometimes ask the nuns for the key of "that owl's nest."

October, and the nuns were to be expelled in November. We started from the Place de l'Étoile, journeyed by the Métropole, and got out at La Vilette. The contrast was startling, even in that city of contradictions. The Place de l'Étoile is an epitome of "Frenchness." Central, compelling admiration, is patriotism, symbolized by that magnificent Arc de Triomphe. Radiating from that symbol are twelve tree-shaded roads to all Paris, all France, all the world. Along those avenues, ways from all the world, to the heart of France, come roaring streams of traffic. Motor cars, omnibuses, cabs, bicycles, carriages, rush across that Place. Blue-bloused working men; frock-coated officials; *bonnes* in voluminous cloaks and flying veils; tourists in dowdy garments; bare-headed, blue-aproned working women; stiff, blue-and-red uniformed soldiers; smart, be-powdered ladies; boys and girls dressed alike, in black-strapped blouses; all these, and many others, jostle each other in the motley crowd afoot. He who crosses that Place must be alert of ear and of eye. Vehicles there seem bent on the extermination of foot passengers. From all sides they rush at the intruder. He is forced to watch, listen, dodge; to run from refuge to refuge.

But an ambulance, or an invalid chair, starts to cross from end to end. From either side, the on-rushing traffic will roll away, leaving a path, safe and amazing, as the passage through the Red Sea! Every chauffeur, driver, cyclist, foot-passenger, will pull up, start aside, leave the path clear. The sick are the chosen people of France. *Place pour les Malades* is ever-potent as the wand of Moses. Here is an unrecognized remnant of the same Christianity that built a palace for the lepers—that obliges the King of a neighbouring country to raise his hat to the beggar who asks alms of him. Perhaps that fragment of faith may yet redeem France from the bondage of materialism.

At La Vilette we came out into a region of factories, of canal barges, an atmosphere of quiet, intense industry, of straining toil. Men and women were at work in the factories, on barges where whole families lived and laboured; in their homes. Children were at school. The broad, quiet roads were between walls rather dulled by smoke and dirt. It was like a suburb of Manchester. Of Paris it was a revelation! It did not surprise me that here, and in the adjoining *quartiers*, Socialism assumed a vicious character. Everywhere, men and women who toil endlessly, painfully for a hand-to-mouth existence, who cannot secure themselves against destitution in

sickness or old age, have a grievance against the social system. In England the instinct of the people is to think twice before they act once. Also religious belief, of a rudimentary sort, interpenetrates the masses of the English poor. "The Lord" is very generally recognized as protector, ruler, avenger. Something better to come after, is a vague hope, seldom extinguished. The few may preach atheism. The common-sense of the many is against them: inert, perhaps, but effectual, as the earthworks behind fortifications. In France, the people are quick to act, without deliberation. You see it in a crowd, swayed by a gust of enthusiasm, anger, devotion. You see it in individuals, in a quarrel, an opportunity, in the *Chambre des Députés*. A certain grown-up caution, all-pervasive here, is not an element in French conduct. Under normal conditions, the dramatic instinct of the French people modifies the results of this impulsiveness.

Energy, thrown into right posture and behaviour, escapes as by a safety-valve. The other day I watched a trifling incident that brought home to me the innateness of French dramatic instinct. Two little boys were playing horses in a Paris street. The reins (of cord) became knotted, and the driver stopped to disentangle them. The "horse," obliged to stand still, and seemingly quite unobserved, lifted a leg, stamped a foot, lifted another leg, shuddered as if bitten by a fly. That boy acted the impatient, standing horse, in every detail, simply for his own satisfaction. When grim realism of toil and futility has driven out that dramatic instinct and added a certain recklessness to unrestraint, there is danger. When belief in God, hope of any future life, are generally extinguished, the poignancy of despair is added to the sense of injury. The phlegmatic, belief-leavened English Socialism gradually forces law to give what it demands, wielding arms of law gained by long struggle. The impulsive, materialistic French Socialism outrages and breaks the law, and manufactures the Communist and the Apache. How otherwise? Given the national temperament; a life of grinding, sullen toil; and for the individual—the race—futility!

Sœur E—— startled me; asking of what I thought.

"Paris," I answered. "At *l'Étoile* like a luxurious Persian cat, playing with its tail in the sunshine. Here, like a starving cat, watching a mouse-hole in the night. If legitimate effort fails, then the larder—the canary!"

Some way we walked by the canal, and along streets that might have been in Gorton, till we came to a wall, ancient, massive, and high; running far along one side of the road. A Sister opened the great door to us, and left us in a little parlour while she went to fetch the Superior, who came to us at once. In the manner and tone of these nuns I noticed a striking simplicity and kindness. To us they were readily courteous. In their bearing to the patients, and their remarks on the Government, their religious spirit was always evident. From these, and from other nuns on the eve of expulsion, I have never heard "railing accusation." Their gentle sorrow and patience seem to make the injury done them more flagrant.

A year earlier, Mère C—— had visited a young Irishman in this hospital. His father had tended lepers in the East, where they lived, and the boy had contracted the disease. The Superioress told us that he had died a few months before our visit. It had seemed so sad to see him exiled from his country and his relatives, without hope of recovery. Mère C—— told us how, when she said something of the sort to him, he had answered:

"What could I do in Ireland? Here I am no danger to anyone. I have all the privileges of religion; and every care and attention."

"Is there a case of real Asiatic leprosy in the hospital?" I asked.

"Several," the Superioress answered. "One which you shall see is most typical. But on no account let the child guess that you notice her. She is excessively sensitive."

Presently a nun was summoned, and bidden to show us what, in the hospital, was most characteristic and interesting. We went first to the surgical wards. Of the archæological aspect of that building I will only permit myself to say that it would repay a visit from England. Probably the French Government would gain, financially, if this palace, built by a saint for the sick, were transformed into a museum, and those exquisite gardens opened to the public. Even when a plain building, with modern necessities, and without extravagance (unfit for the sick poor), had been built elsewhere in its stead, I think the Government would gain by the transaction.

The wards were long and well ventilated. They looked comfortable, and all the beds seemed to be occupied. Over the head of each was a card with a temperature chart, and a

diagnosis of the patient's injury, both so large and plain that they could be read in passing. I was impressed by the appearance of the men-patients. Big, keen-faced, intelligent-looking, they generally were, such as I have known in the mining and manufacturing districts of northern England, and seen at social democratic meetings in the market-place of a provincial town. They watched us pass along the ward—the three nuns and me—without a sign of friendliness or welcome in their faces. Their expression, generally, struck me as disdainful, cynical, even resentful. "Socialist, Communist, Apache," I mentally labelled one or another, as I lagged behind the nuns, thinking my own thoughts. Our guide had just told us that eleven cases of stabbing have been admitted there in one week. I noticed *coup de revolver* on the card of an intellectual-looking man, grey-haired, with peculiarly keen grey eyes. He stared at me quizzically. There was humour, pathos, hard irony in his face. It has haunted me, from time to time, to this day. At the worst these men were intensely real, without taint of posing, intrigue, diplomacy. Uncompromising, even fierce—to me they were strangely attractive. "The call of the wild" was in them, as it is in all that is primary and essential. To these men the human kindness, the efficiency, the devotion of the nuns would have appealed powerfully. Now, "Administration" and *infirmières* have done their worst. Resentful and insolent, the men have made it impossible for the nuns to dress their wounds. Not by ordinary insult; but by deliberate lack of restraint and nicety. Every nurse knows how even the ruffian and the libertine is generally respectful, in the matter of decency, to the woman who tends him. An amazing simplicity and purity seems to survive beneath the rot of wickedness. Under the influence of a good woman many a man recovers much of the self that his mother knew! So here, under the old order, would these men. Now the conduct, at least of a few, made it impossible for modest women to dress wounds in those wards.

Two male dressers were going from case to case, wheeling a trolley with trays of instruments and dressings. Every appliance and arrangement that we saw, in wards and operation rooms, seemed thoroughly up to date. But the mid-day meal was being served while surgical dressings were done. In one bed a patient sat up with his *déjeuner* before him; in the next, a revolting and painful wound was being cleansed, in full view of the ward. Such callous lack of consideration, especially in France, where

all meals are taken very seriously, indicated the tone of the hospital. Such flagrant mismanagement was probably resented against the nuns, still in apparent command.

From the surgical ward we went, along low, round-arched cloisters, and across part of the garden, to the pavilions set apart for skin diseases. In those long wards we saw patients ravaged by all manner of loathsome and disfiguring maladies. But smiles of welcome greeted us. Those who were sitting up rose with alacrity, and came forward to meet us. Cheerfulness and pleasant manners prevailed everywhere. Here the nuns still ruled without much interference. I am under the impression that the *infirmières* were patients, able and willing to work.

An old woman lay in the first bed on our right hand as we entered the women's ward. She was not disfigured. Her face was white and peaceful. I should have thought she slept if I had not seen her lips moving.

"Blind leper," the Sister said, softly.

"She is praying all the time!"

Some sort of exultation and amazement made me stammer. That old woman lived in a bed; she was a leper; she was—what seems to me most terrible of all physical maladies—blind. Yet, alone there, and believing herself unnoticed, she actually looked happy!

The Sister answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes. She says her Rosary from morning to night."

What a marvellous invisible chain it is! Think of it, you who say your Rosary in common with all the faithful—the king and queen in their palace, the contemplative in his cell, the nun at her holy toil—the blind leper.

A young mother sat by her infant in its cot. Both were covered with the same frightful eruption. It seemed that the worst cases of lupus, leprosy, and other hopeless forms of skin disease were collected in this ward. No doubt, either the different maladies are mutually prohibitive or all actual contact is prevented between those suffering from communicable disease; and all that they use is kept marked and separate. I have seen different contagious maladies in the same ward in a London Fever Hospital, mutually harmless, with accurate precaution. Just now a French hospital is sanctuary for any who fear infection. Microbe extermination—microbicides—are medical and surgical France to-day. Between an up-to-date "Adminis-

tration," and a careful, experienced staff of nuns, it is a moral certainty that no risk of mutual injury was overlooked or permitted. In the absorbing interest of the scene around me, I forgot to ask for explicit information on that subject.

They lay in beds on either side of us, sat in chairs, stood, or walked about, human creatures hideously disfigured, mutilated, diseased. But we were in purgatory! This prison of exiled, shunned creatures, dangerous to society, horrifying to themselves and to each other, suffering from exterior wounds, and interior disease, was permeated by hope, by cheerful patience, by absolute contentment with the Will of God. And this in Paris! In Dublin it would be normal, a mere matter-of-course. "Blessed be His Holy Will" is the natural retort of the Irish mind to provocation of pain. But in France to-day those wards were a startling witness to the vitality and vigour of faith and to the influence of the nuns.

Seeing the habit of the two strange nuns, several of the patients hastened towards us, smiling and eager. They had made the pilgrimage to Lourdes, and recognized the Sisters who nurse sick pilgrims on the journey to and fro. A few remembered Mère C—— in the white train. We stopped to chat with them over reminiscences of that great event in their lives. Our guide looked on, delighted at the pleasure given to the patients.

At the door of the leper-children's ward the Sister stopped to warn us.

"The young girl in a black and white check dress is the typical leper," she said. "She is French, but was born, and contracted leprosy, in *La Guiane*. All the children in black overalls are lepers. We will talk to them about Lourdes, and you must not seem to look at them. The poor children; they are horrified at each other."

Schoolgirls, in France, generally wear large black pinafores over their dresses. Nothing less remarkable could have been chosen to distinguish the lepers.

Not far from the door, a group of children, whose ages might range from about eleven to sixteen, sat together. As we entered the ward, they all rose and came to meet us, smiling, and a little shy, like well-brought-up English schoolgirls. All wore black pinafores. I think the disease was not far advanced in most of them. Something ghastly, like the greyness and dulness of approaching death, was in the complexion and the

features of those young faces. I have an impression of pallid, stricken children, more or less disfigured. But I seem only to have glanced at them.

In their midst was a shrivelled, shrunken creature, who looked about fifty years of age. Her skin was ashen-grey, and seemed to shine. Her eyes were so sunken that they seemed mere slits. Her nose was flattened. Her lips were dark and swelled. I think her eyebrows were white.

She came forward with the other children, and smiled with pleasure to see the nuns. But she glanced at us furtively, evidently suspicious of our curiosity, and kept her hands behind her. When, later on, we caught sight of them, we thought the backs were covered with some sort of scales, and the insides raw.

In a hoarse whisper, for the disease that ravaged organ after organ had almost destroyed her voice, she said that she had been to Lourdes.

She had stood in that great crowd while He approached—had called to Him. And He had passed her by!

In *Ben Hur* there is a marvellous description of the healing of two leper women. It seems to have been written by an eyewitness, it is so vivid and convincing. We see the women, mother and daughter, ill and disfigured by their terrible malady, waiting for the passing of Jesus of Nazareth. Their trembling hope thrills us. We hear the crowd cry out at His approach. We see Him! hear His voice. That scene is like a sudden flash of recollection. As if we *had* seen Him, lost His human presence, and longed for it always. We look after Him, fearing to lose one instant of vision, till He has passed out of sight. Then, in company with the women—each restored to perfect health and comeliness—we wonder, worship, bless the Healer.

And this child had gone far to seek Him in His chosen place. In hope she had waited, called, watched His passing. She had pictured herself made, in an instant, healthful, beautiful, youthful—a child of sixteen.

"Why?" That cry of faith and love—imperfect—went up I think from Calvary. Not only the scoffers cried, "Come down from Thy Cross." Those who knew He could come down, who loved Him utterly, but with the love that craves what is human more than what is divine. Their "Come down" must have wrung the Heart of Christ more than the mocking of those who jeered, "If Thou be the Son of God."

"She is a frequent communicant, and a pious, good child."

The nun said this aside to Sœur E——. I caught the words. I realized that the soul, finding its frightful, painful body left unhealed, understood, acquiesced, adored.

"*O Crux Ave!*"

He, that leper child, and I, seemed for an instant alone in all the world. His way, higher than our way, as the heaven is higher than the earth. The faith that sees. The nothingness of earth.

One of the girls told us, sorrowfully, that she might not go to Lourdes: her father was a Communist, and forbade it. This child was not a Catholic, but the faith of her companions had sunk into her heart, and she prayed constantly that her father might permit her to enter the Church. The nuns spoke of cheerful obedience, of prayer, and of hope. The disease was not far advanced. Leprosy kills very deliberately.

A baby, with bandaged head, and great solemn black eyes, toddled up to us, laughing. The nun lifted him in her arms, stood him on a table, and bade him say a little verse. He folded his hands, stared straight before him, and lisped, in baby French, several verses that began with *Petit Jésus*.

"Very good, my little one!" the nun said caressingly. "Now sing your little hymn."

He tilted up his chin, opened his mouth very wide, and sang in a tiny, tuneless, baby voice. Always the dreamy black eyes stared straight in front of him.

The nun lifted him down from the table. "And now," she said. "Tell the Sisters and this lady your name."

His face dimpled into smiles.

"*Petit Paquet*," he said, and laughed again.

No baby at home could have been more certain of his right to love and petting than this waif in a leper ward. No mother could have shown more pride in his pretty ways, more tenderness in voice and look, than this nun.

We could scarcely tear ourselves away from that ward. It was so wholly unlike anything we could have expected. Sorrowful it is to see young children hopelessly diseased, suffering, torn from their parents and their home. But, as an Irish Jesuit once said to me, when I spoke in wonder of the faith,—and the extreme poverty,—of the Irish poor—

"And they are *happy*."

They are: so were these children. So are not many, who shudder at the thought of their lives!

On our way back, through the women's ward, I asked some questions about the old woman in the corner. She was from Brittany, and had been a washerwoman. She washed for a family who were afflicted by some mysterious illness. If they knew the nature of their malady they kept it secret. It was a peculiar form of leprosy, not outwardly disfiguring, but destroying the body, organ after organ. The washerwoman contracted it, and became, first of all, stone blind.

"Come and speak to her," the nun said.

She was still saying her Rosary, with the same peaceful content in her face. We stopped by her bed, and the Sister said:

"*Grand' mère!* Here are two Sisters, and an English lady, come to speak to you."

At the first word, a smile lit up the wrinkled old face. Then, understanding that two nuns stood beside her, *Grand' mère* sat up, joined her hands, turned her sightless eyes towards us and expressed her joy at the visit. *Mère C*—— told her that her Sisters nursed the sick poor in their own homes. The old lady said how she pitied those poor sick folk who had not the comforts and blessings that she enjoyed. We begged her to pray for us, and she promised us "her poor prayers."

Over the doors of those wards should be written in great golden letters:

THE NAZARENE HAS CONQUERED,

but in the garden again, we did not speak for some minutes. The cruelty of the impending separation chilled our hearts with pity and sorrow. Very near to them all now, was that moment of utter desolation. *Mère C*—— spoke at last. Her voice was tremulous.

"Do they know?"

The nun's eyes dimmed, and her lips twitched. She answered quietly:

"They are praying always, offering Communions, hoping for a miracle!"

A. M. F. COLE.

The Islands of Aran.

THE *Duras* drew up against the little pier, and then began the pushing and pressing that always takes place when a steamer reaches the landing-stage. These extra minutes gained by being first instead of last, must have a special value, travellers seem so anxious to obtain them. We found ourselves in the centre of the small crowd, and without any exertion of our own were carried across the gangway. The other passengers quickly vanished. The greater number were tourists visiting the island between the coming and the going of the steamer. Others were coastguards' wives; there were a few fishermen and an officer of the Congested Districts Board. We waited for a few moments to see our luggage safely landed, and then looked about for a means of conveying it to our lodgings.

"Are yez for Mr. O'Flaherty," said a voice behind us.

The speaker was a tall, fine-looking, young man, dressed in the cream bauneen, the blue shirt and tam o' shanter, the heelless, silent pampootie shoes, a costume that was to become to us so familiar. Our small effects were quickly piled on to a donkey cart, and we followed along the pier, between piles of wood, packing-cases, sacks, bricks, and other miscellaneous collections, then up a steep incline, and under shadow of the high stone Irish cross, till we reached the village street. Kilronan, the *baile mór* (big town) of the islands, is composed of two rows of whitewashed houses. Most of them are thatched cottages, but here and there rises a two-storied slated mansion, bearing traces of being newly built. Each house stands back from the road, and has a strip of garden in front, enclosed by a whitewashed stone wall. Here vegetables grow, fuschia shrubs, and some sweet-smelling flowers. The first impression is one of intense whiteness and cleanliness, conveyed by the limewash, which seems to be used with a lavish hand. The donkey cart stopped before the gate of one of the slated houses,

and as we walked up the gravelled path, a buxom, bright-faced woman came to meet us. She had received the telegram ; our rooms were ready. Would we like some dinner ? Three hours on Galway Bay had sharpened our appetites, and we were ready to do ample justice to the juicy west of Ireland chickens and the whole-meal loaf that were laid before us. When the meal was finished, Mrs. O'Flaherty urged us to make no delay in setting forth to visit the sights of Aran.

"You couldn't tell what sort of a day to-morrow 'ud be. This afternoon you could see a great deal, for we have a car."

We already knew that the one car the island possessed belonged to our host. The Galway local paper announced the fact weekly in its advertisements.

"Ned O'Flaherty's perfectly appointed car will convey visitors to the Seven Churches."

A little later, as we jolted on the hard-sprung, thin cushioned vehicle, behind an untrained horse, we wondered what "perfectly appointed" really meant.

Inishmore boasts of one even, well-made road stretching the length of the island. Below, a rougher road skirts the sea from Kilonan to Kilmurvey. From these, narrow bohereens lead in all directions across the wall-bordered fields. Our way led through Kilonan, past the vicarage, where grow the only trees on the island, then between stone walls. A glorious panorama lay before us. To the north was the mountain coast of Connemara, the Twelve Pins standing pale blue against the sky. The sea between was dotted with small islands, from which whitewashed houses gleamed in the sun. Further back the coastline receded into Galway Bay. The Burren hills rose behind us, and beyond them the cliffs of Moher. The sea was of an intense colour, not the turquoise blue of the Mediterranean, nor the greenish blue of the northern seas, but a deep sapphire shade, peculiar to the West. Masses of yellow-brown seaweed covered the rocks that bordered the sandy beach, and nearer to us were the green fields, and the blue-grey limestone boulders.

"I'll take yez first to Dun Aengus," said the driver, "the ancient Pagan fort."

This was beginning the sights in their historical order, for Dun Aengus dates from about two thousand years before the Christian era. It was built by a Firbolg chief, who, flying from the conquering Tuatha da Danaan, came to Aran. This grand old fort has withstood the ravages of both time and man for

nearly four thousand years. Its massive walls, of limestones, built together without cement, must have been a strong defence against an invading foe. On the highest point of Aranmore, at the edge of the cliff it stands, overlooking the Atlantic. The waves break against the rocks 304 feet below, and over the spray the sea-gulls whirl and dart with their wailing cry into the fissures of the cliffs. What wild, bold men they must have been who built their dwelling among the barren crags in this desolate wind-swept spot, the great ocean roaring at their feet!

The driver, who had constituted himself our guide, proposed that we should next visit the Seven Churches, a village at the further end of the island. On the way he told us something of the history of Aran. First was the story of Enda the King's son, who, at the instigation of his sister Fancha, gave up his soldier career for the solitude of Aranmore. He built his stone cell at Killany, where other Irish youths followed him. There were Ciarnan, Brendan the Navigator, Ninian of Clonard, Jarlath of Tuam, Columcille. Aran became the great school of learning during the period known as the "Second Order of Irish Saints." All the scholars of the time in Ireland visited it, and when they had gained their share of learning from the lips of Enda they went forth to spread it through the great world. It was with sorrowful hearts they left Aran. Ciarnan turned with streaming eyes to see the last of the islands as his boat carried him across the sea. Columcille wrote a poem of farewell to the "Dun of all the West," as he called Aranmore.

Farewell to Aran Isle ; farewell.
I steer for Hy ;—my heart is sore.
The breakers break, the billows swell,
'Twixt Aran Isle and Alba's shore.

St. Enda's grave, covered with a flagstone, can be seen close to the cell where he lived, and in the graveyard near by lie, it is said, one hundred and twenty-seven of Aran's saints. One of Enda's followers founded the church of Tempull Breacain. The two saints agreed to divide the island between them, and it was settled for each to begin Mass in his own church at the same time, and afterwards to walk to meet the other—the meeting-place to be the boundary. Breacain, covetous of the larger share, began his Mass before the appointed time, and so started first. Enda, when he reached the rising ground, saw what the other had done. He prayed in indignation, and Breacain was rooted to the spot till Enda reached him, and there the division was made.

In the churchyard round Tempull Breacain are the graves of the "Seven Romans," students, probably, who had come from far countries to learn of Aran teachers. During the summer, from the middle of July till the end of August, the country people from the islands, and from Connemara, come to spend the night in the churchyard, near an old tomb called the "Bed of the Holy Ghost." What the origin of this custom is, it is impossible to say, but it goes back to far-off days. The sick and ailing hope to be cured of their infirmities by this pilgrimage, and that some had been so recently was evident from the fresh bits of rag we saw tied to the bramble bushes.

On the road back we passed *Tempull na cheathair aluin*—the Church of the Four Beauties. This name has exercised many archæologists, but none of them have been able to decide satisfactorily who were the four beautiful saints who had their cells near this spot. In a neighbouring field are a number of *cloghauns*—dwellings of primitive times. They are built of stones, the walls inclining slightly inward till they curve across to make the roof. Close to the church is a holy well imbedded in moss-grown rocks.

"There do be cures here," said Michael, as he pulled back the thorn branches to enable us to see the trickle of water. "I had from me mother the story of a woman who came a great way off from the County Down. It was a blind child she had, and one night she dreamed the child 'ud be cured if she took him to a holy well. She had no knowledge of the name, but she saw the place in her dream, an' started. After travellin' a great way she came to Galway town, an' crossed in the steamer. She asked no one any question, but walked on the road a couple of miles. She stopped at a house and they gave her shelter for the night. Next mornin' at daybreak she was off with the child, an' came along the fields till she got to the ruins. She knelt down by this well, an' after a while the child said: 'Mother, d' ye see the little shells on the ground?' But she never heeded the child till she'd finished her rounds, an' then she took him back to the house, an' him seein'. There was great wonder on all the people, for it was another well they used to visit, an' this one was hidden in the bushes."

It was getting late when we returned to Kilonan, and sky and sea were lit up with the red glow of a summer's sunset. Mrs. O'Flaherty inquired how we had enjoyed our afternoon, and then invited us to come into her kitchen after our supper.

"We expect a few neighbours, an' there'll be a fine singer an' story-teller ; it might please you to hear them."

The old custom of the *céidhlidh*, once so common in Ireland, lingers still in Aran. The word comes from a *céile*, together, and means a gathering of neighbours of an evening for dancing, story-telling, and song.

We felt it would be interesting to make further acquaintance with the Araners, so about nine o'clock we joined the small circle round the turf fire. Pádraig Kearnon was telling an old Celtic legend as we came in, and the soft, musical Gaelic added a charm to the tale. His father was a wonderful Shanahie, Mrs. O'Flaherty said, and knew nearly a hundred different stories, legends of Cuchullin, of Maebh, of the Fianna, and later-dated humorous tales. He was also a poet and a musician, and many were the songs he had composed. On one occasion the local schoolmaster had refused some request of old Kearnon. Indignant, the latter wrote a poem in which he turned the teacher into ridicule ; he set it to music and taught it to all the singers in the district.

"An' shure it was the master was sorry he had annoyed." It was thus with the old Bards and File of long ago, who employed their muse to praise their friends and to revenge themselves on their foes.

Beyond young Kearnon sat the weaver, a tall, dark, strong-featured man, of quite a different type to the islanders. He was a man from the North. His father, who had been implicated in the rising of '48, had fled from the law to Aran, and there taken up the profession of weaving, which his son now carried on. That this man's life must have been darkened by some misfortune became evident to us, the day we visited his looms. He was grave and silent, as if oppressed by some shadow. When we admired his little place, all he said was : "I could make it much better, but I leave it as it is. I've me own reasons for not improvin' it. There are some things that take every wish out of a man."

Then, as if fearing we might question him, he hurried us to the shed where were the looms. It was interesting to watch the shuttle dart in and out, and to learn the mysteries of hand-weaving. The people of the island brought him all their wool. Some had carded it and spun it by themselves, but many, and now, alas, the greater number, have it prepared in the Galway mills. The natural wool is woven with an indigo thread, and

this mixture makes a pretty flannel tweed of blue and white, which are the dominant colours of all the Aran men's attire. Two chough birds hopped across the loom and perched themselves on the weaver's shoulders and head. He had found them in a nest in a cliff crevice, and now they had become the friendly inmates of his house. These birds have grown rare. A few are still found in Cornwall and along the western coast. The eggs are of considerable value to collectors.

The person, however, of the little assembly who interested us the most was Peter O'Farrity. He was a man of seventy, but his upright figure, his activity, his bright, alert eyes, gave the impression of fewer years. Peter was a scholar, and great was his reputation for learning in Aran. He had been educated in a hedge school, an institution that existed before boards and committees came to decide what should and what should not be taught, and from which the travelling teacher turned out his pupils with a wonderful and varied knowledge. Peter learned many things in the hedge school, and afterwards when he became a sailor spent all his spare money on books. As sailors' quarters are limited he had not room for all the books he bought, so those that were read had to be thrown away to make place for a new lot. When off duty O'Farrity would lie in his hammock reading.

"I kept to myself always. When you can't get the association you like, then disassociation is the best." After several years of seafaring life Peter returned to Aran. His sister then lived, and kept house for him in the home that had sheltered his forefathers through many generations. Now she was dead and Peter looked after himself, cooked his meals, and made and mended his clothes with the ingenuity of a sailor. His treasured books reposed on a shelf near the window in his kitchen. Among them was an old Irish Bible that had accompanied him on all his wanderings, and, as he said, had kept him from forgetting his native tongue. Much acquaintance with this book had no doubt given the old man his somewhat classical mode of speech. Students and philologists came from time to time to visit him, to get explanations of Irish words and meanings. Professors Pedderson and Pink were among those who had come from Germany. Sometimes it would be a member of the Gaelic League, and then Peter would be somewhat scornful of the knowledge of a language gained from books as compared with that from practice. He was a severe

master, and very jealous of the language that was dearer to him than anything else. "Shure you're murderin' the Gaelic. That's no Irish word, but an English word with an Irish mantle."

Peter was also a poet, and possessed two manuscript books filled with his compositions, both in Irish and in English. To a favoured pupil sometimes he would read his poems.

We made friends with Peter, and arranged to go and see him in the old school-house, where he spent his days mending sails.

One or two other people came in, among them a fiddler and another story-teller. After about an hour, we went away, leaving the little party listening to a song. This evening reminded us of the account given in his *Life*, of Petrie's visit to Aran in the early fifties. He came with his friend Eugene O'Curry, and spent a fortnight on the island. During the day they visited the ruins, and in the evenings, the shanahies and singers assembled in his host's kitchen. Petrie on his violin would pick up the old traditional airs, while O'Curry jotted down the legends. Many of the beautiful songs found in the Petrie collection, and many of the tales in O'Curry's works, were thus gleaned by the turf fire in an Aran kitchen.

Next morning, on the suggestion of our hostess, we decided to visit the Middle Island. The crew, "the best in Aran" we were told, awaited us on the beach. Certainly the four men were fine specimens, well-featured and intelligent, and measuring six feet in their heelless pampooties. The currach was half in the water, and when three of the rowers had taken their places, we stepped in and sat in the stern. The last man pushed us off, then nimbly jumped in. These little boats, which have been used as they are for many hundred years along the western Irish coast, are the safest afloat. They are made of tarred canvas or hide stretched over wooded lathes, and are as light as a feather. There is no rudder, and the stroke-oar does the steering. As the slightest gust of wind can turn the boat, the oars are narrow, in fact merely poles. There were no seats in the stern, so we were on a level with the sea, which splashed into our faces. There was so little between us and the water, and the boat responded so readily to every roll and wave, that it seemed we must feel as the seagulls do when they rest on the billows. The boatmen kept up an incessant stream of conversation, carried on in Gaelic in their soft, low voices. This did not interfere with their work, for they rowed

mánfully. In fact, conversation does never interfere with the work of an Irishman, it is on the contrary, a necessary accompaniment.

"How do yez like the currach?" asked Conn Lavallo, the nearest rower.

"Very much indeed."

"They are good little boats, an' can stand a rough sea."

"Have you ever been out in one during a storm?"

"Only wonst, an' faith, I wouldn't like to repeat the experience."

"When was it?"

"Well, it's nearly eight year ago now. There was a woman sick on the Middle Island. They were afear'd she'd die, an' wanted to get her the priest. Meself was there, an' two other boys. We put out in a currach. The sea was wild, but the wind was with us, an' we got to Aranmore under two hours. His reverence had just come in from a sick call to the Seven Churches, an' was that tired you'd pity him. We told him he was wanted, an' th' old priest said maybe they could wait till mornin'. It was ten o'clock then. The curate questioned me about the sick woman, an' after thinkin' a minute said he'd be onaisy if he didn't go. So back we went to the boat, an' the old priest with us, an' the priest's boy, an' the neighbours joined as we went along; so there was quite a crowd gathered. Not one who was there ever thought to see us again. Out we pushed into that ragin' sea, with the wind agin us an' the waves breakin' over the boat. Coleman Maguire, who was bailin', was hard set to keep the water down. We were three hours in that sea, and when we reached the landin'-stage, every man, woman, an' child in Inishmaan was waitin' for us with torches in their hands. When they saw the priest they set up a cheer that 'ud do yer heart good. An' the curate was right to come, for she was dead, poor woman, before six o'clock. I don't believe any boat but a currach would have brought us safe through that sea."

Inishmaan, or the Middle Island, is, according to the people of Kilronan, the remotest of the three islands of Aran. Aranmore is the largest and the most important, Inisheer, the smallest, is the nearest to the County Clare, and has a light-house station. Inishmaan, therefore, has the least intercourse with the outside world. Irish is exclusively spoken on the island, and as we walked up from the shore to the village we

were greeted by each passer-by with a Gaelic salutation: *Go mbeannuighidh Dia dhuit*—(the blessing of God to you), and it was with a certain pride that we gave the answer: *Go mbeannuighidh Dia aguo Mhuire dhuit*—(the blessing of God and Mary to you). In those parts of Ireland where the Gael still hold sway, one person will never pass another without some greeting. Numberless are the salutations in use, and there are suitable ones for all occasions.

We directed our steps first to the Post Office, which is also the chief house of lodging in the Middle Island. It has given shelter to many Gaelic students during the past twenty years. Hither came Eugene O'Growney to spend whatever time he could snatch from his studies at Maynooth. Mrs. Macdonagh, the woman of the house, showed us the room he inhabited, and in which he prepared his *Simple First Grammars*, that have brought back to many a Gael the tongue of his forefathers. On the wall hangs a picture of Father O'Growney, taken shortly before his death in California. Mrs. Macdonagh had much to tell us of this pioneer of the Gael, and of other Gaelic Leaguers, who had come her way. There was the fort of Dun Conor to visit, another trace of the ancient Firbolg race, and the ruins of some churches and cells of the saints of Inishmaan. Then it was time to return if we wished to reach Kilronan before sunset.

There are numberless walks to take in Aranmore, and the remaining days of our holiday we spent in exploring the island. It was necessary to charter a boy, for our road often lay across the fields, and he had to knock gaps in the stone walls to enable us to pass. We saw the Glassawn rocks, and the Dead Man's Shore, where the great Atlantic surges up against the cliffs, sounding like the artillery of an immense army. Among the crags, growing seemingly upon the bare rocks, we came upon numberless quaint flowers, and sweet-swelling herbs, that would have rejoiced the heart of any botanist. Sometimes we had a grey day, when the sea, the sky, and rocks would be one uniform colour. The landscape presented then a most curious effect, and seemed a picture of the impressionist school. There were no sharp outlines, one thing faded into another. The long stretches of even-surfaced limestone merged into the grey sky above, the sea and the distant mountains all seemed one, the walls between the fields were grey, and even the grass assumed a greyish tinge.

It was on such a day that we left Aran, and as the morning advanced, a thick mist came slowly in from the Atlantic. Some of our friends came to the pier to see us off and wish us a "God's speed" on our journey and a return next summer, when we should find a *Cead míle fáille romhainn*—(a hundred thousand welcomes before us); *Go n-éirighe an t-ádh leat*—"May luck rise up before you"), said our host, wringing our hands, and giving us the Gaelic wish that always accompanies the parting guest.

We crossed the gangway, and were again aboard the *Duras*. The paddles turned, and we were off. After a few minutes spent in settling our places, we thought to have one more look at Aran, and went over to the stern. But the island, caught in the arms of the mist, was no longer to be seen; Aran had disappeared from our sight, as quickly as Hy-Breasil vanishes before the eyes of the seeker.

CHARLOTTE DEASE.

M. Briand's Real Sentiments.

M. BRIAND has disowned two trenchant expressions of anti-clerical hostility which, after having been publicly ascribed to him in his own country without encountering any protest, passed last summer into the English and American Catholic press, by which they have, very naturally, been frequently reproduced. Two years ago he was reported to have said, to a gathering of teachers at Lisieux:¹ "We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the schools, the university, the hospitals, refuges, even prisons and madhouses; it remains to expel him from the government of France." And as late as last August he was reported to have said to a gathering of teachers at Amiens that "we must get rid of the idea of Christianity." To the Paris correspondent of the *Times* some six weeks ago, and to the Paris correspondent of the *Standard* quite recently, he denied that he had ever used such language, or that it represented his mind.

I have never in my life [he said to the latter], either in public or in private, used words which could by any process of torture be made to resemble those imputed to me by Cardinal Gibbons; they are absolutely contrary to my views. I am a free thinker, and for that reason respect profoundly the right of every one to follow the dictates of his own conscience, and to practise his religion in absolute freedom. These principles have guided me in framing the legislation which has been so severely criticized at home and abroad; yet it is on that that I shall ask the English people to judge me.²

It appears to be the case that he did not use these expressions, and that being so it is most regrettable that they should have been imputed to him. The spokesmen on his own side—such as the Paris correspondents of the English papers—have not indeed shown themselves over-scrupulous in imputing

¹ See the *Saturday Review* for Dec. 15, 1906.

² *Standard* for Feb. 12.

to the Pope and the French Catholics thoughts and intentions, and even language, which they have never entertained or employed, and which are at variance with their known sentiments. For instance, the statement, so categorically put forward more than once by the *Times* correspondent, that the Religious Orders were at the back of the Pope's rejection of the *Associations Cultuelles*, and that their motive was the desire to compel a recourse to private (in lieu of public) worship out of which they themselves might profit, can only be characterized as an utterly unfounded and purely malicious fabrication. Moreover, feeling at last that for an allegation so monstrous some semblance of proof might be expected of him, this person ventured—on the faith of an anonymous "informant" of an anonymous French Bishop, as reported by an equally anonymous contributor to *Le Petit Parisien*—to name Père du Lac as a Religious who had expressed these views. Père du Lac wrote to the *Times* denying that he ever said or thought such a thing, and yet his traducer never condescended either to justify—which indeed he could not—or to retract the personal libel, but merely continued to repeat his charge against the Religious in general. Still, the ethics of Catholics persecuted for justice' sake should be purer than those of their persecutors, and now that M. Briand has repudiated the language imputed to him, and no sufficient authentication of it has been found, it is becoming that Catholic writers should express regret for having credited him with it.¹

It is a further question, however, whether this language, though in terms never used by him, gravely misrepresented his thoughts and aims, or even his language as otherwise expressed. True, we have heard him say that never in his life has he used words "which could by any process of torture be made to resemble those imputed to (him) by Cardinal Gibbons." But we are entitled to test the justice of this disavowal by comparison with such other words of his as are on record; and his cordial acceptance of M. Viviani's recent pronouncement at once occurs to the mind.²

¹ May we take this opportunity to exhort those French papers on which we over here must necessarily rely for our information in these matters, to be more careful in adding the reference, with page or date, of any such important statements as they take over from adversaries. It is usually through the want of these references, and the consequent impossibility of constant verification, that spurious citations are able to become current.

² *Journal Officiel*, Sitting of November 8, 1906. All our quotations from the Debates are taken from the *Journal Officiel*.

All of us together, by our fathers, our elders, ourselves, we have devoted ourselves in the past to a work of anti-clericalism, a work of irreligion. We have torn all religious belief from human consciences. When some wretched being, wearied out with the burden of the day, has bent his knees we have raised him up and told him that beyond the clouds are nothing but chimeras. All together, and with a magnificent sweep of the hand, we have extinguished in heaven the lights which it will never rekindle again. Such has been our work, our revolutionary work, and do you think that this work is finished? On the contrary it is beginning, it is boiling up, it is overflowing. How are you going to respond, I ask you, to the child now grown into manhood who has learnt from your primary instruction—further completed, too, as it is by the post-school works of the Republic—to contrast his own condition with that of other men? How are you going to respond to a man who, thanks to us, is no longer a believer, whom we have deprived of his faith, whom we have told that heaven is void of justice, when he seeks for justice here below?

It surely does not require "any process of torture" to make these words of M. Viviani resemble those repudiated by M. Briand, and yet M. Briand's commentary on them, in the sitting of November 9, was that his colleague and friend, M. Viviani, in a splendid discourse, has "traced for you his ideal, *which is also mine*."

In his letter of February 12th, the *Times* Paris correspondent has, we are aware, claimed that this acceptance by M. Briand of his colleague's ideal referred only to the ideal of social legislation calculated to give the poor and the miserable a paradise in this life. But M. Briand himself made no such reservation, nor does it seem natural in M. Viviani's ideal thus to separate his social projects from the underlying conceptions to which he appealed so solemnly as requiring them. Besides, as M. Piou reminded him in the debate of November 12th, "the applause which greeted (M. Viviani's) defiance of God proceeded from the Ministerial bench and blended with those of the Left." But in any case we have other words of M. Briand's, of a more extended character, from which we can judge whether his agreement with M. Viviani is to be thus limited. We have in mind his address last summer to the Congress of the Ligue de l'Enseignement at Angers:

We are come here [he said] in close proximity to a district where fanaticism is still more narrow, sectarian, and tyrannical. We have resolved to affirm, in this somewhat hostile environment, just because it is hostile, our democratic faith, our secularist faith (*foi laïque*), and to

say that we wish for a country, and a Republic, liberated from all the lies and all the tyrannies of the creeds (*confessionnelles*). Yes, it is just for this that the League is holding its twenty-sixth national Congress in the Angevin territory. . . .

It is the generations formed to the spirit of secularism, and the hopes of democracy, which have gone forth to the battle. The bullets fired at the reaction which have strewn the battle-field with the bodies of its slain were cast by the schoolmaster, and if the schoolmaster has been able to work so efficaciously for the benefit of republican institutions, it is because you [the *Ligue de l'Enseignement*], you, the propagandists of secularism (*P'idée laïque*), have caused them to be free in their action and doings;¹ it is because you by your propagandism, by the works with which you have surrounded the schoolroom, and the moral support you have given to this principle, have created for it this atmosphere of independence and of liberty, without which it could not have lived, or at all events, without which, it could not have developed. . . .

I would wish the professors and teachers to be in their teaching not mere instructors, but educators, who make the man out of the child, and teach him not merely dry formulas or rudiments, but can initiate him, foolish prejudices notwithstanding, in the living realities, by teaching him to love life in spite of all the perils and sorrows which it may have in store for him. In this way they will form the true man, the citizen of the true democracy, the man whose brain is not obstructed by preoccupations concerning mysteries and dogmas, the man who sees clearly in front of him, and sees there life such as it is, fair and worthy of being lived, and who will live it. It is in such a man that divinity is indwelling, and if God has hitherto been so often powerless, stumbling, and bent beneath the burdens of life, it is because lying and ignorance have far too long held His endeavours in fetters. It is for us to deliver Him.²

There can, at all events, be no question but that these are the authentic words of M. Briand, for not only were they reported at the time by an organ of his own party, but he himself, when challenged in a subsequent debate in the Chambers, both accepted them as his own, and acknowledged that it was the creed and life of the Catholic Church which he had in view when he spoke of "the lies and tyrannies of the Church," and of "brains obstructed by preoccupations,

¹ It might have been better had M. Briand explained in what way the *Ligue* had secured this "freedom" for teachers of its own sort, namely, not only by procuring for them State support and State subsidies, but by arbitrarily closing multitudes of Christian schools, and so compelling multitudes of helpless Christian children to sit under the desk of these teachers and its punitive sanctions.

² *Le Radical*, August 6, 1906.

concerning mysteries and dogmas." The challenge was given by M. Groussau in the Chamber of Deputies on November 6th, and the episode is sufficiently interesting to be worth quoting at length, illustrating as it does not merely the opinions of M. Briand and of his party, but, in contrast with them, the courteous and conciliatory advocacy of the Catholic deputies.

M. Groussau. I finish by drawing a conclusion which is deeply rooted in my mind. It is that the present situation, grave as it is, is but a simple episode in the war against religion (*Interruptions on the Left*). I do not say that it enters into the intentions of all the members of the Government to make war on religion, but I affirm that when M. le Président du Conseil said that religion is not concerned in this debate, he made an assertion which in my opinion is utterly erroneous. . . . M. Briand, you yourself, as Minister of Public Instruction and of Worship, have felt able to pronounce at Angers words which for the Catholics are really cruel. You were taking part in the Congress of the Ligue de l'Enseignement, and you ventured to say that the Republic must be delivered from all the lies and tyrannies of the creeds (*Exclamations on the Right. Applause on the Extreme Left and on several benches on the Left*). Do you consider that such expressions are compatible with what is called respect for beliefs?

M. Pechadre. It is respect for the truth.

M. Briand. M. Groussau, this incident has nothing to do with the question which occupies us.

M. Groussau. How? Nothing to do with it! What were you referring to when you spoke of the lies of the creeds. Were you referring to the Church?

M. Briand. I cannot venture to deny it (*Smiles on the Left*).

M. Groussau. You do not venture to deny it. That is the answer of the Minister of Worship at this moment in the French Chamber! (*Applause on the Right*). I ask him if, when he spoke of delivering the Republic from the lies of the creeds, he did not refer to the Church, and he says, "I cannot venture to deny it."

The Marquis de Rosambo. How can you wish him to deny it when it is self-evident?

M. Groussau. Understand then, M. le Ministre, what good ground we have for perceiving that it is religion you are aiming at! (*Very good! very good! on the Right*).

M. Briand. You cannot expect of a politician, even of a Minister, that he should abandon his personal opinion (*Very good! very good! on the Left*). All that you have a right to demand is that the Law should not persecute any form of belief.

M. Charles Dumont. Just so? Very good.

M. Briand. And the law of 1905 is not a law of persecution and tyranny, as you have pretended.

M. Groussau. It is very difficult to distinguish between the man and the Minister; and when the Minister confers on himself the right to interfere with the organization of worship, and declares that the lies of the creeds must disappear, one is justified in expecting from this Minister persecution and war.

M. Briand. Have you had persecution from me? (*Very well! very well! from the Left*).

M. Groussau. When M. le Président du Conseil, in his numerous journeys, has manifested—I do not wish to repeat his words, they are present to the minds of all—sentiments of hatred for the Church (*interruptions on the Left*), there can be no shadow of doubt as to the expression of his sentiments. And there have been on the part of the Government acts which not only do not inspire us with confidence in them,—and the Government, I know, does not require our confidence—but which justify all our present distrust, and at the same time show us with luminous distinctness that it is precisely religion which is aimed at, and that what is desired is to fight against the Church and make her disappear.

The Marquis de Rosambo. That is quite natural, for it is the *raison d'être* of the Republic to dechristianize the country. Unfortunately, there are many on our side who do not yet recognize it.

M. Groussau. M. Viviani did not fear to say recently—it is true he was not as yet a Minister—that it was of no importance to know whether such and such an association was in schism or not, but that it was enough to know that both sides had a religious belief, and then this belief must be fought against.

M. Viviani (the Minister of Labour). I said it at the Tribune, five years ago.

M. Groussau. You said it, I know, in a very eloquent speech. But permit me to draw the conclusions. The members of the majority must not maintain that they are not making war against the Church; they are making war against the Church. They have organs that are boasting at every instant that they are engaged in a war against the Church. There is a newspaper which is distinguished for this in quite a special manner, and it declares every day that, as long as there is a Catholic left, the fight must be continued till he disappears. It writes that the Republic—it is its expression—is the enemy of the Church.

The Marquis de Rosambo. That is obvious.

M. Groussau. The newspaper to which I allude is not merely one that comes first to hand. When the Government was formed it published an article entitled, "Our Collaborators," and it said: "In the late Ministry we had two Ministers as our collaborators, in this we have four." It is fitting then when we quote from *La Lanterne*, that powerful nursery of Ministers, to bear in mind the influence which it exercises in Ministerial quarters. And this is the newspaper which

repeats day by day that the final contest with the Church is more necessary than ever. Is it then this final contest with the Church which you have down on your programme?

Having thus shown that the measures taken against the Church amounted to a religious war for her extinction, M. Groussau went on to suggest the course which, if it were true in spite of appearances that the Ministry wished to be fair and just to the Catholics, they ought to take to relieve the impossible situation they had created.

It should recognize that it has not succeeded in creating an organization for worship which will work in France, that it is time to enter upon a work of pacification . . . and that it must take the Catholics as they are, that is, united with the Bishops and the Pope, and should seek to have an understanding with the Holy See. . . . This is the only policy which can lead to the pacification of the country. Without it you will be forced to fight by arbitrary acts, sometimes by cunning, sometimes by violence, and you will inevitably be reduced to employing means which will profoundly agitate the country. You yourself have said, M. le Ministre des Cultes, that the worst thing that could happen in a country was to unchain religious passions.

Our readers have now before them M. Briand's address at Angers, his subsequent avowal of it in the Chamber of Deputies, and certain facts illustrative of its significance furnished by M. Groussau. They can judge therefore how far M. Briand spoke the language of sincerity when he protested that he had never used words which "by any process of torture" could be made to resemble those imputed to him without warrant. To us, at least, it appears that the phrase "we must get rid of the Christian idea," is but a simple summary of his speech at Angers, and we cannot but think that it is just thus it originated, Amiens being a mistake for Angers. And, unless it be unlawful to assume that this Angers speech stood in some relation of reference to the details of the movement whereby the Ligue de l'Enseignement and the party behind it have carried out their purpose of "liberating the Republic from all the lies and tyrannies of creeds," it does not seem excessive to credit the speaker with having found satisfaction in the thought that his party had "hunted Jesus Christ out of the schools, the university, the hospitals, the refuges, even the prisons and mad-houses."

M. Briand might indeed contend that his Angers speech

proves only that he is anxious for the extinction of Christianity, and is working for it through such agencies as the Ligue de l'Enseignement, but it does not follow that he conceived the Separation Law, or Laws, with that object. It was never suggested, however, that the two spurious statements asserted as much as that, but only that they declared the motives by which his mind was dominated, and that in the light of these, the special character of his legislation, which unmistakably tends to the destruction of the Church, must be interpreted as having been conceived with that object. And that apparently is the conviction of the French Catholics generally, who in consequence profoundly distrust M. Briand's repeated protestations of equitable and conciliatory intentions. They recognize, indeed, the shade of difference between him and admirers of undisguised brutality like M. Combes, M. Buisson, or M. Allard, or even between him and his governmental chief, M. Clemenceau, but they take it to be a difference of method, not of aim, and inspired not by kindlier feelings for the victims, but by a sounder and shrewder estimate of the possibilities of the present situation.

As for ourselves we recognize the difficulty of estimating correctly the personality and motives of a foreign statesman of whom we have no knowledge save through his actions and utterances. To judge, however, from the *data* in the case of M. Briand, we can only say that they easily fall in with the estimate of his character which the French Catholics who do know him have formed. He is indeed profuse in his professions of benevolence, but we cannot be expected to take these at his own valuation. We must test their sincerity by his deeds, and we find invariably that the concessions which he offers as most generous contain within their folds sets-off which practically withdraw what purports to be conceded. This was the vice latent in the anti-hierarchical organization prescribed to the *Associations Cultuelles*,¹ and in the terms of simple use without administrative

¹ See on this point THE MONTH article for January. We may refer also to the luminous speeches of MM. de Las Cases and de Lamarzelle (Senate, Dec. 28th), of M. Brager de la Ville-Moysan (Senate, Jan. 22nd), and especially of M. Piou (Députés, Nov. 12th, since published separately by the Action Liberale Populaire, 7, Rue de Las Cases). As, however, M. Briand still persists in repeating the oft-refuted misrepresentation, we may remind him of his own words, spoken whilst *rapporteur* of the Separation Bill during the late Parliament, and quoted by M. de Lamarzelle on Dec. 28th: "Our preoccupation has been not to leave the faithful tied to the discipline of Rome"; remind him also of the words of his present chief, M. Clemenceau, in an article in the *Aurore* last autumn, and quoted by M. Delafosse

powers on which alone, by his circular of December 1st, 1906, the clergy and people are allowed to continue worshipping in the churches stolen from them; as likewise in the progressive acts of spoliation annexed to his progressive acts of apparent concession. Recently in connection with the Bishops' Declaration of January 30th, M. Briand gave another instance of these catches which render his intentions so suspect to the French Catholics. The Bishops, after their meeting in January, published a Declaration in which, after recording another protest against the injustice which had robbed the Church of its property, and against the supposition that any settlement could be deemed final as long as this property remained unreturned to its owners, or the robbery condoned by the Sovereign Pontiff, declared that, "in order to maintain to the last hour the exercise of public worship in the churches and to defend those sacred places from profanation, so far as depended on themselves," they were prepared to make trial of a mode of organization of public worship which could be brought under the new law of January 2nd, 1907, provided that certain obscurities in its text were satisfactorily explained. What they proposed to do was to invite the *préfets* in the case of the cathedrals, and the *maires* in the case of the communal churches, to grant leases of eighteen years (the limit of time to which their power extended), to the Bishops and *curés* respectively, on terms which would confer on them the full right to administer the churches during that period; but on condition (1) that the lessees should be the Bishops appointed by the Holy See, and the *curés* appointed by the Bishops, for as long as their legitimate tenure of office endured, which tenure should then vest in their legitimate successors according to ecclesiastical law; (2) that leases of this kind should be given everywhere by the civil authorities concerned, and not here and there only. This would seem a fair offer, and one which the civil authorities, if really actuated by conciliatory sentiments, should be ready and glad to accept. And the *maires* have

in the Senate on Nov. 6th: "Why should there be only one *Association Cultuelle* in each parish? Doubtless there will not be more than one at the beginning of the new régime, but soon the time will come when they will not be able to avoid the fatal differences which are to be found in men in all countries. These differences the Church has in the past suppressed one after another by violence in the first place and then by the means of State privileges. Liberty will make them spring up again, and the authority of the infallible Pope will suffer cruelly from them. From the rivalry of cultural societies to schism there is but a step."

with few exceptions throughout the country shown a readiness to accept it. But M. Briand in his Circular of February 5th, whilst professing to accept it, tells the *préfets* and *maires* that they must not allow the leases to be so framed as to allow of their transmission from the contracting *curé* to his successors without the latter having to receive in each case of transmission the "adhesion of the *maire*." The clause is obscurely worded and may mean either that the *maire* must in each case be satisfied that the successor who offers himself is the proper person to succeed in accordance with the law of the Church, or that in each case of vacancy the *maire* retains the right to accept or decline the successor offered to him. The second of these meanings was the more probable, as the *Journal des Débats*¹ acknowledges, and we may, perhaps, without doing him an injustice, infer from his fondness for such catches, that this was the sense that he hoped to make prevail. But it was a sense which, if insisted on, would make it impossible for the Bishops to persevere in their offer, for it involved the same vice as did the *Associations Cultuelles*, namely, of setting aside the hierarchical constitution of the Church. And more recently M. Briand has declared that the other sense, to which no objection can be taken, was the one he meant. There is then to this extent a possibility that a *modus vivendi* will be arrived at—for the Chamber, by their vote of February 20th, have ratified M. Briand's policy as against that demanded by the more intransigent section of the Left. And yet even now one can have no confidence that this desirable result will be attained, for M. Briand still continues to haggle and invent fresh conditions which may serve to hamper the administrative liberty of the contracting clergy.

Still the probability is that an agreement will be reached which the Bishops can accept without sacrifice of principle, M. Briand being now under the influence of a change of situation, the gravity of which he had not foreseen. In December, when he first began to apply the Separation Law, he anticipated that the country generally would applaud his action, and the Church collapse under it like a burst bubble. Thus in the debate of December 28th he said self-complacently, that "the principle of separation, together with the circumstances and conditions under which this reform had been voted, were approved with practical unanimity by the citizens

¹ For February 5th.

of France;" that the Government "had with them the public opinion of the country;" that "calm and order were complete and absolute, because the Catholics themselves perceived that the Government wished to leave them an entire liberty to practise their religion." Now he is less satisfied with the way in which the people have taken his measures, and he harps rather on the need of pacifying the country, and points to the impracticability of much wanted social legislation until the religious crisis has been terminated by the discovery of a *modus vivendi* for the Church. And no wonder, for as even his advocate in the *Times* is constrained at last to admit,

The large number of the mayors in the provinces who have shown themselves eager for an agreement on the question of the leasing of the churches, furnishes evidence of the growing lassitude at the protracted politico-ecclesiastical conflict. Indeed, all over the country there are unmistakable signs of impatience and of a keen desire to see the last of it. It may fairly be said that the voice of the country clamours for peace, while, on the other hand, the French Episcopate is driven, by the circumstances explained in my recent despatches [?], to try and make the best of the situation. The time for Ministerial squabbles and Parliamentary intrigues, in so far as they are connected with the Church and State trouble, is over, and there is discontent on all sides with the confusion to which they are giving rise.¹

Let us trust then that an arrangement such as the Bishops find tolerable, may come of the negotiations now going on. Still it will be well to remember that even thus the wounds and losses which have been inflicted by its present persecutors on the Church of that unhappy country will have been but imperfectly repaired. Her ecclesiastical funds are gone, her charitable funds are gone, her seminaries are gone, the exemption of her young Levites from a military service so incompatible with their calling is gone, her Christian schools are mostly gone, and the rest likely to go soon; nor does it appear that, apart from the mere faculty to hold services in a portion of the sacred buildings stolen from her, much freedom will be left her for the expansion of her life and the continuance of her many forms of benevolent action. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that her present persecutors are but creatures of a day; a new and still more ferocious set, of the type of MM. Buisson or Allard, may sooner or later take over their portfolios and rob the Church of the few things temporarily

¹ *Times*, Feb. 19th.

secured to her by the coming *modus vivendi*, that is, if it is to come.

We must not, however, speculate now on the prospects of the future, our present task being sufficiently accomplished, which was to furnish some reliable materials with the aid of which our people here may judge whether M. Briand has or has not been misrepresented by those who have regarded him as, notwithstanding his protests to the contrary, a man engaged in a war of extermination against the Christian religion. It has seemed to us that to settle this question is, for English readers, of more importance even than to follow the course and development of the persecution itself. For English readers are not readily persuaded to pay attention to the details of a movement going on in a foreign country, but are apt to judge of the movement as a whole by the personal character of those conducting it, and are easily taken in by professions of fair-minded tolerance, such as M. Briand has indulged in.

S. F. S.

Lois.

CHAPTER XL

THE LIGHT IS LEFT BEHIND.

AND now Lois's last hours at Croyde were passing swiftly. To the wood once more, for an hour alone there, and then back to the house. She knew Aloysia was engaged for a little while, and, the gate of the chapel enclosure being open, Lois went up the walk and in at the open porch-door. She had learnt long ago the custom of the bent knee on entering: a custom, she said to herself, which it would be a breach of courtesy to omit. But here, after the yesterday winding up the visit that had given her things to come back to her again and again, she knelt for some minutes. This was the house that Giles and Aloysia and Father Kingdon, whose hearts seemed all full of fire and light and sweetness, loved so much—and not for its beauty, or its associations, or because it represented to them a certain success in aim and in deed; though all these things might have been there. To them there was a Presence.

She knelt, looking towards the curtained tabernacle. No, it meant nothing to her: nothing, nothing, nothing. And she was false to her colours, here luxuriating in this atmosphere of—idolatry. What would Katey think? What could any truthful-hearted person think, but that she was a foolish, emotional person, driven like a straw before whatever wind happened to be blowing?

She would collect her thoughts, gird up the loins of her mind; see all; love the beauty that floated like a veil over these things; but not love them—no—she would love—Truth—or she would love—what?

Here she had come again after ten years. Careless then; letting those things slip from her which had seemed at least to be hers in childhood and girlhood, but which she looked on now—sometimes—as emanations from the dear personalities of

Uncle James and Aunt Esther, and all the environment that had shaped her long ago. And now, what was she? She, who was writing what a Catholic might have written, what Catholics were delighting to read? A free-thinker, she would have called herself; a putter-away of revealed truth; a rejecter of that Jesus whose teaching, she had suffered herself to be told, had destroyed the beauty of the equilibrium of life, with its false ethics of sacrifice, of propitiation, of repression, of reward and punishment.

If she were the owner of Croyde, what would this beautiful chapel be? Would it be any longer the home of a false asceticism, an enslaving superstition? Should it not rather be a place where the people should hear lectures on art, on ethics, on history, on all that would help them in the path to—where? Culture? Music should be heard there: the organ should keep its place; yes; but no *Kyrie eleison* should go forth, and thrill emotional people as it had thrilled even her, with its vain, useless, fruitless, cry; a mere indulgence of emotion; a mere sentimental wail. All should be nobly healthy. There should be taught the delight of life; the joy of existence; the rapture of beauty: or the dignified embrace of fate, the grand and austere acceptance of the inevitable. Lois! Lois! we die to-morrow! But to-day there is around us, around some of us, high thinking, great doing, some of it blent with fanaticism and superstition, yet great as we only as yet know how to count the greatness of things. The air is alive with discovery and invention. Science is day by day revealing what once was hidden, or explaining what of old was mysterious. Listen to what they have said to you, who think they have learned. Art is enlarging her borders; her great eyes are looking before and after and to the right side and the left; her fingers touch now where they feared long ago lest in the touch they should be polluted; her voice can sing of things that once were unsung; for nothing is clean or unclean in itself: all is material for Art, art unfettered by convention, unswathed by prudery, uncrippled by hesitancy. This they have told you, Lois, and you have given it no denial: only you have gone for your inspiration—not there.

Lois, you are a poet! Sing how the life-banquet is great and fair. Let us eat and drink thereof, this etherealized sensuousness, this pride of life; for to-morrow we die! To-morrow we die! Let us go out bravely, having lived the

very fulness of such life as we could live ; having drunk of the river of earth's pleasure. Let us go out, in the darkness, into the darkness unlit by glaring torches, unshone upon by sun or moon or stars ; go out into the quiet, untroubled by restless hope, untortured by morbid fear. Our body to the earth, to repay its old debt, and help in the making of flower and living creature as their kind have helped once in the making of us. That is all. That is all—*all*.

This and the like seemed to Lois the expression of the phase of non-belief which she was trying to make herself think she had accepted as final. And there was no insincerity in this, at least none conscious. But she was shielded from the likelihood of an attempt to carry into action any theory of pleasure like this, by more things than one. Hers was a sheer and absolute ignorance of the side of life we often call euphemistically by a name which is not the one St. John calls it by : and this involved an unconscious hypocrisy in her self-supposed acceptance of it. Again, there was at Lois's heart a tremendous pity for those who had had no fair start ; for the failures ; for the sufferers from the injustice of "Fate." "If I believed in a God," she had said, "I should hate Him with all the hatred I was capable of ; for He would be a monster of injustice, guilty of the favouritism we condemn in men, and the cruelty that we shrink from in them."

Another protection for Lois was that illogicality which God in mercy so often uses to save us from the consequences of thought undisciplined and erratic. If she supposed herself militant against the ideal of sacrifice, she, like Katey, whom she saw giving up time, strength, pleasure, to help, would gladly herself have helped ; helped in the concrete, while she practically raged against the abstract. Katey insisted on the falseness of the ideal of the Cross ; but Katey, with many and many another, had entered into the Valley of Sacrifice. How many are, unknowingly, kissing the blood-stained Footmarks that lead up to Calvary ; the Footmarks which the logic of their position would have led them to scoff at as blurs and blots on the fairness of the ground !

If you had said to some of these, "Suppose it were possible to give the world the ideal of self-development instead of the ideal of sacrifice, and you were the ones to decide the matter, which would be given?" they would unhesitatingly have answered, "Self-development ! It is the truer, the more natural,

therefore the more right!" But if it had been a question of leaving out one little bit of human kindness or thoughtful courtesy, to say nothing of the vaster givings-up for the sake of self-development, the old belief, written so large and red on the heart of Christendom that nothing can efface it, would have triumphed without a struggle.

God be praised that we are illogical!

When Aloysia came to look for Lois, Lois was weeping as she had not wept for many a year.

The Egertons had asked Lois if she could not arrange to stay longer with them; they would be so glad if their cousin could do some work there; she should be quite undisturbed. And now Aloysia said, when Lois had come into the house with her, "Lois, won't you come again, and stay with us for a longer visit? Do! We are kinsfolk. We won't let you be worried in any way."

"No, no, Aloysia. You are very good to me, and I love you already; but I cannot stay with you. You don't know how I feel about the things that are sacred to you. You have been all that is kind, you and your father. You have said no word of controversy; you have only been what you are, something too beautiful for me to bear; something it seems to hurt me to be with. Dear Aloysia, you look so grieved—you don't know, you don't know what it means to believe nothing—literally to be without any hope, any faith."

Aloysia drew her into the library, and sat down with Lois's head on her breast. The arms of Lois's own kin were around her, and she felt them as such.

"Dear—cousin,—Lois, let me send your friend a telegram to say you will not return to-day, and stay just a little while. I think we could help you, if you would let us try."

"You could not help me, and I should only be drawn into insincerity, which you, who are truth itself, would hate. I think I have been wrong to stay. I see symbols all around of what is to me a hopelessly wrong belief. All belief seems wrong; and sometimes all unbelief too. O Aloysia, it must be dreadful to you to hear me say these things. It must sound to you like blasphemy. You know nothing of it."

"Dear, I am so sorry, oh, so sorry. No, I do not, thank God, know this by any actual experience, but unbelief has come to more than one whom I have known. And, Lois, more than

one has gained a greater hope and a larger faith when he has come out of it. There are two men now, both of whom are dear to us, and one of whom is near both in friendship and by blood. The one has come back to the Faith after years of semi-unbelief and slackened grasp—almost letting go: and the other, who was for some time a free-thinker, and who even preached against the Faith, now loves it—I think he loves as St. Mary Magdalene did, the much-forgiven one who loved much. And both these friends will one day, as we trust, set forth the Faith as priests and preachers. You may have heard in London of my cousin, Ralph Comyn."

"Oh, Aloysia! I knew him!"

And Aloysia guessed something of the rest, and suffered for Ralph as for herself; and for Lois too.

Then it was time for Lois to go.

"You won't forget your cousins?" said Mr. Egerton, as he said good-bye to her.

"No, indeed, I won't."

And Aloysia said, just before they parted at the door of the *coupé* in which Lois was alone, "You will let us hear of you sometimes, Lois? Ah, you will not say. I think we shall meet again. Good-bye, God bless you, Cousin Lois."

And Lois's heart said *Amen* if indeed her lips were closed.

Immediately after Lois's departure, Giles Egerton sent for his lawyer, and made a codicil to his will, under which his cousin, Lois Moore, would, at his death, receive an annuity. He knew that it well might have been, had Philip not died intestate, that Lois Moore would have been the owner of Croyde. And, in any case, her kinship to him and his child gave her, he thought, a claim on him which ought to be acknowledged, all the more that, from what she had told Aloysia, he gathered that she had no income except what she could make, independently of Katey Stuart.

"And Miss Stuart is nothing to her, and we are."

Aloysia was glad.

And, beside the relationship, the look that was in her face, the kind of likeness to his child, drew Giles with a certain affection to his kinswoman.

The ring had been given to Lois, and she had taken Mr. Egerton's hand and placed it upon it. "It is yours, you

know, Mr. Egerton—Cousin Giles. It would be to me only a little relic, but it is a part of your belongings, as it were.”

So Giles kept the ring. It came back to Lois one day, doubly a relic.

CHAPTER XLI.

AMELIORATORS.

KATEY STUART met Lois at her terminus, and they drove home together, talking very little—they both disliked talking in cabs and omnibuses—but very glad to see each other.

Latterly they had been a good deal apart. Lois had liked best to work at the Surrey cottage, and Katey had been more and more absorbed in work and thought of various kinds. Much of this she talked over with Lois when they were together. But among the numerous little Societies and Brotherhoods and Confraternities and Associations for the higher, or at least the unconventional thinking, and the plainer, or at least the unaccustomed living, to which Katey belonged, was one which, by tacit consent, was never mentioned between her and Lois. Katey saw that, however else Lois might be shaken, there was one ground on which she would stand firm, one sacredness that for her would always be untouched.

This Society had been formed by some who were discussing, at first with hushed voices, afterwards with louder ones, the question of the relations of men and women to each other as men and women. The grounds on which most of these people argued were those of “nature,” “society,” “expediency.” No reference was in any way made to the sixth commandment, either in its letter or in its spirit. “What is best?” “What is needed for me?” “What is expedient for society?” Lois recoiled from this. It was unbearable to her. Whatever kept her away, the atmosphere she had been brought up in, the instinct of modesty, the hand of her guardian angel, the chastity of her nature—whatever it was, she would have none of this. Women good and sweet and noble entered into these questions; better, sweeter, nobler than she, perhaps: but she did not, for she could not. Women debated them with men, young women with young men, unripe and ignorant with unripe and ignorant. And some older people joined in: more than one voice had been raised to preach the doctrine that marriage should be

considered a civil contract, terminable at pleasure, and was heard at this "Brotherhood of the Ameliorators."

There was gravity and earnestness; there was sometimes lightness and flippancy. And the debates went on. Some, many of the debaters, wanted to know what was best: they would have been willing to deny themselves pleasure if they saw it was not for the best. And others, knowing their own tendency to self-indulgence, wished to have set upon it the seal of social approval.

Hugh Carson had started the Brotherhood. He wanted the basis of social life thoroughly examined, and altered if found lacking. He wanted thoughtful people to talk over these matters and compare notes with one another, quietly, unobtrusively. Then, later on, they might give serious help in the great upheaval which he was sure would come, must come, ought to come.

Katey Stuart loved Hugh Carson for a long time without knowing that she loved him. They called each other "Comrade," and Hugh and Katey and Lois all three for some time thought that the relation between Katey and Hugh was the same as the relation between Katey and Lois, and between Lois and Hugh. After a time, only one of the three supposed this. It was Lois. Hugh had made a mistake when he still was a mere lad: he had married a woman whom a few weeks' post-nuptial experience proved, as he thought, to be indeed unmeet to be with him. The gap between them widened, and at last they separated by mutual consent. They had not worked for the finding of sympathies, but had continually dwelt upon differences. And Hugh then threw himself into preaching some sort of a gospel, working among men in the slums. His gospel was a kind of Socialism that often implied Christian principle, though professedly in antagonism to Christianity, for all that is noble in Socialism is simply the essence of the teaching of the One Man who died for the people: but the men to whom he preached it heard it through a medium gross with class prejudice, the offspring of those years of wrong social conditions which will one day be realized as the outcome of the cataclysm of the sixteenth century. Hugh Carson, like others, looked back to the Middle Ages, with their guilds and their relation between craftsman and craft, artist and art, man and man. But like these others, he harked back without the faintest realization of the meaning of that relation, with its roots in the great society where is the meeting of man with man, because of the taking

of Manhood into God. Even the one Holy Catholic Apostolic Church.

Lois had yet to learn that something had happened which was to bring about a great and terrible sorrow; a sorrow that seemed greater than she could bear.

A little while back Katey had learned that Hugh loved her; that Hugh wanted her to be openly as his wife.

It was no shock to her. She was sure, she said to herself, that those who love each other truly are husband and wife, as those cannot be who do not; yes, she went on repeating this over and over again. Do we say over and over what we are quite, quite sure about? Say over and over that on which no shadow of a doubt has ever rested?

Sometimes, yes. Hardly, I think, in a case like this. But now it was put before her—the choice to live thus in the eyes of all. What would it mean to them both? Hugh said they could go hand in hand and do work together such as they never could do if they kept separate. And Katey listened. Then Hugh told her he knew there would be things to face; worse for her than for him; always the woman has the heavier burden, he said. That is true: does it come out of the woman's having the greater love? She would, of course, bear his name; but they must be prepared for questions, doubts. She would have to face the almost certainty of suffering what, for instance, a great woman-writer had to suffer.

Could she bear this? Not for his sake merely, but for the sake of a great principle; the principle that men and women are not to be slaves to mistakes; the principle that no life is to be sacrificed to the fetish of an inherited superstition enforcing outward obedience to a certain code; frequently at the cost of bringing rottenness into the life of the victim, the rottenness of untruth, of rejection of the false bond while seeming to submit to it; perhaps even worse, the taking of absolute license where liberty had been denied. And Katey refused. She refused, as she told Hugh, for Lois's sake. She had won Lois's love; she had brought her to make her home with her. She could not bring this pain to her. He did not know what Lois was. He did not know what this would mean to her. "I love you, Hugh, but Lois is mine; she loves me, she trusts me."

"Katey, this is madness. Who ever heard of two women being celibates for each other's sake? Do you suppose for one

moment that Miss Moore would for your sake refuse to marry, if she wished to do so?"

"No. But this is not a case of marriage. If we could marry, Hugh, and you could give me the right to bear your name, it would be a different thing. Then Lois could live with us, your sister as well as mine. But not for one moment could I bring her to such a home as ours must be. Remember, Hugh, I do not think it would be wrong for us to do it. I think that freedom is the most sacred thing, and that we should show that we think it so."

"Then why not show it?"

"I have told you, dear Hugh. I made the bond with Lois long before I knew you; and I will keep it. Let us be friends—comrades—lovers."

"More than that!" said Hugh. "Katey, if you loved me, you could not set Lois against your love for me. It would be impossible. Let it be then as it has been."

Katey had kept the secret of this love from Lois. It would have been far more difficult to do so, but for the fact that they had been so much apart lately: Katey mostly in town, Lois a great deal in the country. It was a burden to her, the secrecy, a thing she naturally hated. But one thing was clear to her; Lois must never know.

Hugh wrote to Katey; a long letter in which he strongly urged her to think the matter over. They loved each other: they could show a noble example. They could work together. Difficulties would soon be lived down. And Miss Moore would see that she must not stand between Katey and her happiness in her life and in her work. "For you will be happy, Katey; I will make you happy, my dearest. You are not the only woman I have ever cared about, but you are the one woman I have greatly and entirely loved. Trust Miss Moore, Katey. I indeed would not have you untrue to your friendship, but I think you are making a great mistake, and spoiling life and work, or at least injuring it, for the sake of an entirely quixotic idea of faithfulness. Miss Moore is too noble to allow you to sacrifice yourself. There is that between us, beloved, that cannot be ignored. We belong to each other." Much more of this. And Katey had slipped at the edge of the gulf; but she was clinging to its side, just held up by her love for Lois, by her loyalty to the friendship between them.

Katey met Lois at the station, and they drove home together.

Lois was glad to see Katey, and glad to feel her comfortable presence in the cab as they drove home. And after dinner, Katey put her on the sofa, and sat down close by her, and made her tell about Croyde, and the cousins, and the beautiful village, and the beautiful work.

And Katey liked the lace Lois had brought her, and the afternoon tea-cloth, and purred over them.

There was something in her manner that Lois felt as different from usual, a graver tenderness, a sweeter kindness; a something as of a mother's affection to her little child; her little tired child. For Lois was very, very tired.

A sort of feverishness clung about her for a few days, and she could not work. Katey took her down to Surrey and stayed with her until she was well, and promised that if Lois did not come up to London, she would come again on the Saturday, and stay the week-end.

"It speaks ill for the Croyde air, Lois," said Katey, the day before she was to return to London, "that you should come back so done up."

"Katey, the Croyde air is perfect, and my cousins are perfect too, I think!"

"You little emotional idolater! The idea! I don't believe they're a bit better than other people—only they have a pretty, graceful, artistic sort of religion which captivates my Lois. We shall see her a Catholic one day!"

"Oh, no, Katey, never, never!"

"Talking of Catholics," said Katey, "it was very funny what I heard to-day. It was in the train. I often hear funny things in the train. There were two men talking—very respectable-looking men; I suppose they may have been clerks or shopmen, but not belonging to a big concern—third-rate, whatever you like to call it. They were discussing a letter—an Australian letter from some one called Jo, and the one who had the letter said, 'Jo says he saw a grand Corpus Christi procession.' The other said, 'Who was Corpus Christi?' And wisdom's reply was, 'Oh, a great man among the Roman Catholics.'"

They laughed heartily together, and then Katey said, "Lois, my darling, if ever you want to be a Catholic, you won't be afraid to tell me, will you?"

"I shall never want to be that *all round*, Katey. But why do you say this?"

"Because, my dear one, I think you are just one of the

people who don't seem as if they could be themselves without some kind of faith that they can definitely hold. I don't think free thought is good for you, Lois; and I sometimes feel as if I had been wrong in doing so much to upset your faith."

"If my faith was not a real thing, it was better it should be upset. You love me, Katey, don't you?"

"I would die for you, Lois."

"Oh, thank you, thank you. Katey, you have been very, very good to me."

"Lois, don't you remember in *Le Roi s'amuse*, when the Court jester's daughter says to him, '*Comme vous êtes bon,*' he says, '*Non, Je t'aime, voilà tout.*'"

"O Katey, dear Katey!" And Lois nestled closer to her.

The next day Katey left her. Two days afterwards there came a letter to Lois.

EMILY HICKEY.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

The Doctrine of Intention.

THE methods of anti-Catholic controversialists are, as we well know, not scrupulously nice, but we have seldom met with anything so discreditable and dishonest as a leaflet now circulating, with no name of printer or publisher, but an appended notice that whoever wills has the author's permission to reprint his effusion in its completeness.

This leaflet purports to exhibit "The Doctrine of Intention as held by the Roman Catholic Church," with the added query, "Am I really a Catholic?" It is as a Catholic that the writer professes to speak, but in fact, he does but expand the argument of that unscrupulous controversialist, Dr. F. Littledale, as exhibited in his *Plain reasons against joining the Church of Rome* (§ X.), and the manifest purpose is to show that owing to what he represents as the doctrine of the Church on this subject, no man can be sure that he really *is* a Catholic, and that Protestants are therefore in far better case, inasmuch as their doctrine of salvation by Faith alone, whatever be its objective worth, at least secures them peace of mind, which for Catholics is impossible. He winds up his case thus :

For anything that can be proved to the contrary, one half of our bishops and priests are still laymen ; and the awful misery of it is that the faithful cannot discover who they are. Oh, what a sandy foundation we are all building upon ! When I think of this wretched state of things I am almost driven to become a Protestant, although my Church has taught me to hate the very name. I am afraid I shall turn infidel and believe nothing at all.

The reason alleged for this hopeless state of uncertainty is the impossibility of knowing whether bishops are really bishops, or priests really priests, inasmuch as we can have no certainty that those who consecrated or ordained them had the right intention, failing which no Orders would be conferred.

What the requisite intention is, however, our critic entirely misapprehends, or at any rate misrepresents. He supports his contention, for instance, by so childish an argument as the following :

Any priest whilst performing his sacred office may have a sudden seizure of lumbago, rheumatism, gout, toothache, neuralgia, or any other painful affection, which would almost necessarily divert his attention and fix it upon the seat of pain, in which case the words of the office may be correctly repeated, but the necessary *intention* would be absent, and invalidity result.

From which it would appear that the writer does not understand the difference between *attention* and *intention*. It might as well be argued that a traveller proceeding on business from London to Dublin has no intention of transacting that business, because the pangs of sea-sickness in the crossing make him forget everything else.

In another illustration he supplies clear evidence that he is attempting to sail under false colours.

A priest [he writes] may fall off his bicycle without the intention, but how he can take a child into his arms for holy baptism, or the host in his fingers at the blessed eucharist without the intention of doing so, is more than most people can comprehend.

He should have made himself better acquainted with the language he undertakes to speak. Catholic priests do *not* take children into their arms when they baptize, but, on the other hand, Protestant ministers *do*. No Catholic would use, or indeed understand, such a phrase as "at the blessed eucharist." What seems to be meant is, "at the Consecration."

As to the whole argument set forth to prove that Catholics can have no assurance of the Apostolic succession of their clergy, or the validity of their sacraments, it is of course a very old one, which has been urged, amongst others, by Chillingworth and Macaulay, and effectively answered by Newman.¹ It is, says the Cardinal, the authority of the living Church that assures her children that her ministers and sacraments are what they claim to be ; and the Church they know to be God's representative, speaking in His name, and sustained by His omnipotence, because of her Notes which proclaim her "the creation of God and the representative and home of Christianity."

Nor [he continues] is the Apostolic descent of her priests the direct warrant of their power in the eyes of the faithful ; their warrant is her

¹ *Essays Critical and Historical*, vol. ii. Note on Essay ix.

immediate, present, living authority; it is the word of the Church which marks them out as the ministers of God, not any historical or antiquarian research, or genealogical table; and while she is most cautious and jealous that they should be ordained aright, yet it is sufficient in proof of their ordination that they belong to her.

It is this neglected element of God's Providence, abiding continually with His Church, which leads those who do not know her as she is, so to travesty the Catholic position as does our author.

J. G.

"Mass."

It is generally agreed that the etymology of *Missa*, whence our *Mass*, is no longer matter for dispute, and it is here assumed.

The controversy has however been revived lately in the *Examiner* (edited at Bombay, by Father E. Hull, S.J.),¹ and, in place of the ordinary derivation, with characteristic light-heartedness, the opponents of tradition have offered at least five others, in no way inter-connected, but apparently of equal credentials as the parent word of *Mass*.

Mensa, mess, *μᾶζα*, missah (Hebrew: = "sacrifice"; *sic*), and Persian Mizd—"a round wafer eaten in the Mithraic cult," are all suggested.

Each of these words had a distinct history. The Sanscrit root MAK' gave *μακ* and *μαγ*, &c., in Greek, from the first of which is derived *μάσσω*, to knead; from the second, *μᾶζα*, a kneaded thing, afterwards specified as coarse (often barley-) bread. The word never developed further, even in proverbs, and had nothing to do with the Latin *mensa*, which is from the Sanscrit root MA, whence also *metiri*, &c., the idea contained in it being measure. No doubt, from this word came also the German Messen, to measure; Messer, knife; Masse, bulk, &c., but never our Mess: this Murray (fascic = Mesne—Misbirth) derives from the past participle of *mitto*, to send, which in Low Latin came to mean "to put"; French *mets*, = viands; Italian *messo*, a course of a repast. Here we find the closest connection between Mass and Mess. They are sister words, if you will, but are not to be identified; they are not even twins.

Again, it seems absolutely safe to say that, according to the highest authorities, the statement that Missah means "sacrifice" can only be due to a mis-rendering of the form Missath in

¹ See numbers of Nov. 10, 1906; Jan. 5, 1907.

Deut. xvi. 10, which certainly does not mean "sacrifice," and almost certainly is rightly translated in the R.V. margin (though not in the text or Vulgate), which implies that the root idea of the word is "sufficiency," or "enough." The only reason for hesitation is that the word is a ἄπαξ λεγόμενον, and the derivation rather obscure, though never suggesting "sacrifice."

As for the Mithraic "Mizd" (to be identified with the Pehlevi Mazd or Myazd), we are enabled by the courtesy of Dr. D. S. Margoliouth, Laudian Professor of Arabic at Oxford, who gives references to West,¹ to assert that the word definitely means "feast," and not "cake" (or wafer) for which another word is used: indeed, "it rather signifies 'festival' than 'feast.' I suppose it to be identical with the modern Persian *Mayas*d or *Mays*ad, translated 'compotatio,' 'vinum,' 'epulae.'" "Without historical evidence," concludes Dr. Margoliouth, "of the 'Mass' having begun in Persia, I should think the derivation of the Latin Missa from it might be regarded as wholly unscientific."

Sir E. Cox, who offered the derivations quoted in the *Examiner*, seems to give no references. I find, however, an allusion to the *Myazd* or *Myazda* in Mr. J. M. Robertson's *Pagan Christs*, p. 335, and to *mizd*="sacred cake," on p. 352; in the note *ib.*, *māṣa* is suggested. We are, however, sent to the same author's *Short History of Christianity*, pp. 237—9, for a treatment of the ordinary etymology. This, we there learn, is "from the formula of dismissal, *Ite missio* (sic) *est*." But² we also hear that name and thing are alike pagan; of older date than Gregory the Great, we are told, is "the administration of the bread in the form of a wafer, this being admittedly an imitation either of the ancient pagan usage of consecrating and eating small round cakes in the worship of many deities, or of the Jewish unleavened bread of the Passover. It may indeed have come through Manicheism, which at this point followed Mazdæan usage; and as the Manicheans also had the usage of bread without wine, it may be that both practices came from them in the mediæval period. But as the priestly practice of turning round at the altar (?) was taken direct from ancient paganism, with the practice of shaving the head, it is likely that the wafer was also." The pleasant passage about the priest at the altar shall not entice us to do more than point out that, within some dozen lines, the wafer dates from before Gregory

¹ *Pehlevi Texts*, Part i. pp. 346, 388, &c.; Part iii. p. 273.

² P. 238.

the Great, but may equally be of mediæval introduction. It is *admittedly* pagan or Jewish (there is presumably some difference of value in these alternative origins?), but *may* be Manichean; and again it is *likely* to be pagan.

But Mr. Robertson bases himself upon Mr. C. W. King,¹ "The Bread used [in the Mithraic sacrifice] was a round cake . . . called Mizd. In this name Seel discovers the origin of Missa . . . the Bloodless Sacrifice of Mithra, assuming that this Mizd was the prototype of the Host (*hostia*), which is precisely of the same shape."² Mr. King also³ rejects the derivation of *missa* from *mitto*, because, "according to the rule in all such cases, the *object* sacrificed gives its name to the ceremony, rather than a phrase for the ceremony itself, and this object had from time immemorial gone by the name of *hostia* or 'victim'." Amongst whom? The Jews? The Christians of the fourth century? And in the earliest, pre-republican ceremonies of Rome, an extremely small number of names have anything to do with the *object* sacrificed, very many with the god or *intention* or of the sacrifice, several precisely with the ceremony itself, e.g., Tubilustrium, Armilustrium, Poplifugia, probably Agonia, Feralia, and very likely others. Exactly the same holds for the Greek festivals: Thesmophoria, Skirophoria, Oschophoria, Panathenaia, and many others. In fact, a name like Bouphonia appears unique. And Mr. King himself gives us an instance, when he immediately reminds us that the

early Christians were quite as partial as the Gnostics to the naturalizing of the Hebrew terms . . . thus the old Covenant went amongst them by the name of Phase, for example, *In hoc festo novi Regis | novum pascha novae legis | vetus Phase terminat.*

It would be unkind to comment on the quotation of a thirteenth century hymn as an illustration of the ways of the early Christians; but we may point out that unless *Pascha* is to mean "cake" or "sacrifice," and not a "skipping over," we have here a considerable exception to the rule that the *victim* should name the ceremony.

It is unfortunate that Mr. King should rely so much on Seel's *Mithrasgeheimnisse*, &c., (published 1823, before any scientific study of Mithraism really existed) of which M. Cumont, the

¹ *Gnostics*, Second Edition, 1887, p. 124.

² *I.e.*, circular. But already on the altar at Sant' Ambrogio at Milan the hosts are flat. The Mithraic cakes (Cumont, *Textes et Monuments*, &c., i. fig. 10) were thick and domed.

³ p. 125.

well-known Catholic professor at Gand, and the acknowledged authority on this subject, says:¹ "Seel expose sa propre opinion: c'est une suite de rêveries fantastiques." His notes, again, are "la plupart sans valeur."

So much would not have been said of works largely discredited to-day as to method and conclusions, were it not for the undoubted erudition of their authors, and for the fact that it is on them the enormous rationalist press of this country battens. But we are far from dissociating our sympathies from the scientific study of religions, in which, as in most other methods, potentiality of good and evil so varies as to enable us to judge of the one by what we know of the other. That the conclusions of this study are as yet usually tentative and hypothetical, we count to its honour. That they are often false and sometimes even ridiculous shall not make us despise it.

C. C. M.

Eclipses in the Middle Ages.

In our last issue we had occasion to make some remarks on the astounding notion, gravely advanced by Professor Draper, that Pope Calixtus III., and his contemporaries of the fifteenth century, were so grossly ignorant and superstitious as to imagine that in an eclipse the sun or moon was threatened with extinction by some monster, which could be scared away by shoutings, the ringing of bells, and other clangour. The fact that an idea so absurd can be published by an author whose book is included in the *International Scientific Series*, makes it perhaps worth while to add something more on the subject.

That in the earlier ages of Christianity the practice of making a hubbub during eclipses largely prevailed amongst various peoples, there can be no doubt. It is no less certain that this was inherited from paganism, and that the pastors of the Church consistently condemned it, as strongly as the most ardent "scientist" could desire.

In the fifth century we find Maximus of Turin vehemently inveighing against the custom as senseless and superstitious,² and in the seventh to the same effect speaks St. Eligius,³ whose name is familiar on account of the time-honoured calumny against his teaching so ruthlessly exposed by Cardinal Newman in his *Present Position of Catholics*.

¹ Op. cit. i. p. xxv.

² Migne, *PP. Latini*, lvii. 487.

³ *Ibid.* lxxxvii. 528.

Still more instructive is the evidence of Rabanus Maurus in the ninth century. In a homily replete with indignation, not untinged with humour,¹ he upbraids his flock for what had recently occurred. A few days previously, at nightfall, whilst quietly at home, he had of a sudden heard such screaming and screeching as made the welkin ring. Enquiring the reason, he was told that an eclipse of the moon was in progress and people were succouring her in her distress. Though constrained to laugh at such an explanation, he could not but marvel at the folly thus displayed. Next day he learned that even greater absurdities had been committed. There had been braying of horns, as if calling to war, and grunting of swine. Some had hurled darts and shot arrows, or cast burning brands, towards heaven, declaring that some monster was devouring the moon. Some had hacked down hedges with their weapons, or smashed their domestic crockery, all by way of helping the moon! What folly is this! Does God need our assistance to carry on His creation? Do we think that we can render assistance to the heavenly bodies, wretched children of earth who can scarcely manage to subsist ourselves? All this is but a relic of paganism, of which Christians should be ashamed. That there may be no excuse for such absurdities in future, let them understand that there are no monsters or portents at all in question. Eclipses are purely natural phenomena, which are bound to occur. The sun is eclipsed when the moon gets between it and our earth, which its rays consequently cannot reach; and the moon is eclipsed when the light of the sun, by which it shines, is shut off by the shadow of the earth, which can only be when she is at the full, and therefore has our globe between her and the sun. Let there, accordingly, be no more of this nonsense, but leave the Creator to manage His own universe.

Such was the teaching delivered to the people of Mayence, more than six centuries before the days of Calixtus III. Professor Draper himself could hardly have explained things better.

J. G.

¹ *Ibid.* cx. 78. It is remarkable that all three writers speak of eclipses of the moon only as eliciting these demonstrations.

Catholics and Anthropology.

It is gratifying to find Catholic experts taking up with so much zeal the study of so important a subject as Anthropology.

In connection with this a new Catholic periodical has been launched, and has set out on its first voyage—*Anthropos*, an international review on Ethnology and Linguistics, comparable perhaps to *Man*, the publication of our Anthropological Institute.

In the first number there is an excellent article by Mgr. Alexandre Le Roy, entitled "Le rôle scientifique de Missionnaires," setting forth the aim of the periodical, which is to induce Catholic missionaries in all parts of the world to use the excellent opportunities they enjoy of combining really useful scientific research with their missionary labours. This first number also contains a most interesting article on "The Religious Rites and Customs of the Iban, or Dyaks, of Sarawak." Written by a Dyak, Leo Nyuak, it is translated by Father Edmund Wynne, Prefect Apostolic of Labuan and North Borneo, who prefaces his translation by a general account of the religious customs and beliefs of the Dyaks. The Dyaks are a race inhabiting the country on the west coast of Borneo. The tenets of their religion are somewhat similar to those of Manichæism; they attribute the good and evil that come upon them to the influence of distinct good and evil gods or spirits.

Their version of the Creation and Deluge has many traits of similarity with the account in Genesis. As a punishment for the act of one of their race who had killed and eaten of a "spirit" serpent, which was devouring their crops, a deluge of rain fell for many days, till the plains and smaller hills were submerged, and those only escaped destruction who were able to reach the summits of the highest mountains.

The article is of more scientific value from the fact that Father Wynne has placed the account in the original Dyak in parallel columns with his translation. We look forward to a further chapter of this interesting sketch.

The international character of *Anthropos* is certainly brought out in a strong light, for besides the above-mentioned article in Dyak, we find contributions in French, German, Italian, and Spanish on various subjects. Thus there is a description, by Father Völling, of the different modes of wearing the hair in vogue among the Chinese. Another article, by Father

Witte, describes two forms of song employed by the Ewhe blacks of West Africa. The songs, of which he gives several examples, are extremely simple, and are perhaps rather refrains than songs in our ordinary use of the term. But their simplicity is combined with great charm. This account also is to be continued in the next number of *Anthropos*. Assuredly the publication gives promise of good work to be done by Catholic anthropologists.

Anthropology is a science of extreme importance at the present day, especially in connection with the question of evolution. Moreover, it is a science that is in its infancy; indeed, as Mr. Andrew Lang has justly said, "it is scarcely a science, but only a skirmishing advance" towards the true solution of problems concerning man. There is need, therefore, of Catholic specialists, who may take up the subject and strive to check hasty theories which are exploited in the name of the science of Anthropology, and in the interests of unbelief. Wherever civilization has penetrated, and indeed in many places not yet under the influence of civilization, Catholic missionaries are to be found. For this reason the Catholic Church enjoys opportunities for research in Anthropology unrivalled by those of any other body of men.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that for some time past there has existed at Stonyhurst an Anthropological bureau, which has collected material from all parts of the world, for publication in various leading Anthropological periodicals.

G. W.

"Latest Intelligence."

"Princess Trixie" has suddenly risen into fame. She is an intelligent young mare, and is causing quite a sensation in London with her intellectual feats. She cannot, however, claim to be the cleverest of her kind. "Clever Hans"—a Berlin horse—for a long time baffled even his own trainer. In the end, however, he was found out and run to earth by that most infallible of all agencies—a special commission.

His master, Herr von Ostern, caught him one day in the act of lifting the lid of a vessel, and at once recognized true genius. With a considerable amount of difficulty Hans was persuaded to do it again; and a carrot was the reward. Four years of training and carrots followed, at the end of which time "Clever Hans" made his first bow to the public. He soon created a sensation. He could read from the blackboard, do simple sums

in arithmetic, solve problems which he had never seen before, —taking due time for consideration when necessary.

One German psychologist presented him with a circle and asked how many corners it had. But Hans was not to be taken in: he solemnly shook his head. The next question was, "How many sides has it?" "One," answered Hans. Was he right? Perhaps this question was too hard even for "Clever Hans." Such tricks exhibited daily soon brought about a special commission. They decided in the end that Hans had no intellect. But for a time they were nonplussed. On several occasions before his examination "Clever Hans" had put his foot in it. A gentleman showed him his watch and asked what time it was? It was eleven o'clock. Hans "pawed out" eleven. Unfortunately he never looked at the watch. Fourteen boys were sitting on a wall outside the stable. Hans was asked how many there were. He answered "fourteen," but did not look out of the window. These and similar cases led the commissioners to think that "Clever Hans" was clever in reading his trainer's face. The trainer was therefore excluded, and the examination proceeded with. Hans still gave his answers correctly, yet when he was blindfolded he could do nothing. Then one of the commissioners got a happy thought;—even a special commissioner can get a happy thought. Standing in front of the horse's head, he gave him a simple sum in arithmetic, and meanwhile thought of a number which was not the correct answer. Hans pawed out the number the questioner was thinking of.

Frequent repetitions led to the same result. Here was the solution. Hans was endowed with extraordinary powers of perception. He could see movements of the face which nobody else could see, and he had learnt to "paw" until he read "stop" in the questioner's face. To have exceptionally keen sight, and to have learnt by dint of carrots that a certain look meant "start pawing," and another "stop pawing," needed no intelligence. The commissioners considered that with such a wonderful power of perception the least grain of intellect would have been clearly manifested, and that "Clever Hans" had none whatever. This was the last of "Clever Hans." We have heard no more of him. A similar explanation may very well be true of "Princess Trixie," though some recent writers to the Press would seem to favour a more prosaic and less interesting explanation. They are inclined to suppose that the animal merely thinks.

J. S.

Reviews.

I.—LAWS OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.¹

THIS new volume of Father Maturin's is a book which may unhesitatingly be commended for the reading of all classes of persons. In form it has taken the shape of a series of eight conferences upon the Beatitudes, with an introductory conference upon the principles embodied in this code of supernatural wisdom. Like the late Professor Henry Drummond, Father Maturin believes in the existence of "natural law in the spiritual world," and readers acquainted with the older work will find an additional interest in comparing and contrasting the methods of treatment adopted by the Catholic priest and the Nonconformist professor of science. Even from the point of view of *verve* and literary presentment, Father Maturin's work does not suffer from the comparison; and in its spiritual and practical character it need not be said that a Catholic reader will find it immeasurably superior. The book before us will not be the less acceptable because it is in a remarkable degree characteristic of its author. Those who are at all familiar with Father Maturin's addresses, will over and over again fancy that they hear him saying the words which seem to take voice and intonation as they stand out from the page before us. Probably the best commendation we could offer of the many good things contained in this book would be to quote from it generously. Unfortunately, however, Father Maturin, more than most writers, obtains his best effects, not from isolated utterances, but from the gradual working out of a train of thought or the building up of an idea. His work cannot, therefore, be fairly represented by any short paragraph torn from its context. Hampered as we are by considerations of brevity, we are forced to select almost at random such a passage as the following:

In human relations there is nothing like suffering to show us who are our friends. Some whom we trusted depart and leave us, from others of whom we expected nothing, we get much. It is an experience worth a good deal of suffering to learn the unexpected kindness it draws forth. To many it has been a revelation. It has shown us a gentleness and sympathy in people in whom we least expected to

¹ *Laws of the Spiritual Life.* By B. W. Maturin. London: Longmans, 1907.

find it. Many a man who has had the character of being hard and inconsiderate has, in presence of suffering, revealed himself almost like a different being. There are children who have never known their parents, wives who have never known their husband till suffering came and broke through the reserve that concealed a deep and rich side of their nature, and they might have lived and died without ever disclosing it, if suffering had not come and forced them to reveal it.

Like many another striking passage in the volume before us, this quotation at least shows that the writer has comprehension for and sympathy with the deeper currents of human feeling. He is a guide into whose hands we can safely trust ourselves when sorrow blights or temptations assail.

2.—SOME EPISODES OF IRISH HISTORY.¹

The lectures contained in this volume cover one of the most troublous and saddest epochs in the annals of the Sister Isle. The Plantation of Ulster is dealt with by the Rev. S. A. Cox, M.A. of T.C.D.; Strafford, by Philip Wilson, M.A.; "1641" (the year of rebellion), by Arthur Houston, K.C., LL.D.; The Confederation of Kilkenny, by Dr. Donelan, M. Ch., M.B. The picture drawn throughout is a sickening and shameful one, and in view of what Lord Macaulay rightly termed the "frantic misgovernment" to which Ireland was so long and so persistently subjected, it would be wonderful indeed if even a people with shorter memories than those of the Celtic race had not inherited a legacy of hate. It is impossible to read without indignation this record of senseless and brutal oppression—temperately as it is presented—without marvelling at the folly, even more than the wickedness, of statesmen who could fancy that their policy could effect anything by sowing such dragon's teeth, than prepare for future generations an iron harvest.

3.—MADAME LOUISE DE FRANCE.²

No period of national history presents a more appalling picture of corruption and profligacy than that of France under

¹ *Studies in Irish History, 1603—1649*. Being a course of Lectures delivered before the Irish Literary Society of London. Edited by R. Barry O'Brien. Second Series. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. 329 pp. 3s. 6d.

² *Madame Louise de France*. By Léon de la Brière; authorized translation by Meta and Mary Brown. With illustrations. Pp. viii. 209. London: Kegan Paul, 1907. 6s.

Madame Louise de France, La Vénérable Thérèse de Saint-Augustin (1737—1787); par Geoffroy de Grandmaison ("Les Saints"). Pp. v. 207. Paris: Victor Lecoffre. Two francs.

Louis XV., of which the great Revolution was the natural and almost inevitable product. Yet amidst its worst depravity there were exhibited, even in the household of that miserable voluptuary the King himself, examples of the highest virtue, like the water-lily—as the Chinese proverb has it—contracting no stain in filthy waters.

Such an example was presented by the much-injured Queen, Marie Leczinska, and her daughters, who, when their father was smitten with small-pox, and the fear of infection drove all others away, alone dared to attend his death-bed. As Thackeray rather unfeelingly writes: "The whole Court flies from him; only poor old fat Mesdames, the King's daughters, persist in remaining at his bedside, and praying for his soul's welfare."

Still more striking was the example set by the youngest daughter, Madame Louise, who at the age of thirty-three renounced the world and the Court to become a Carmelite nun, in the miserably poor Convent of S. Denis, which the dower she brought saved from extinction, sharing to the full the hardships and privations of the community; but it throws a strange light on the character of the time to find that within three years she was unanimously chosen to be its Superior, and that her royal father was seriously displeased to learn that there had been one adverse vote, which proved, however, to have been her own. To the same office—of Prioress—she was twice re-elected. This and others at various times imposed upon her she appears to have discharged with exact and religious fidelity, sternly setting her face against all relaxations and mitigations, in the case of other Orders as well as her own, such concessions to carnal infirmity being sadly too common in those bad times.

The edifying story of her life is told in the two books before us, that of M. de la Brière confining itself to its religious period, while M. de Grandmaison embraces that previous to her taking the veil. The latter is the more satisfactory from a critical point of view; it takes no notice, for instance, of the story that the ex-princess died by poison, which the other appears to credit on evidence by no means convincing. Both, however, present an extremely interesting and consoling picture of a pure and faithful soul, wholly devoted to the service of God, which makes it by no means astonishing that Mother Thérèse de Saint-Augustin, her name in religion, has been declared "Venerable," and that the process of her beatification has been introduced.

Some interesting light is also thrown on the character of the King himself, which shows that a life of shameless debauchery had not extinguished all sparks of good, and that the faith which he exhibited when near to death had never entirely abandoned him. He evidently had a sincere love for his daughter, and keenly felt the loss which her vocation entailed, but his letters and whole conduct clearly showed that, recognizing the hand of God in the choice she had made, he was willing to make a sacrifice to Him, great as was the cost.

4.—FATHER BERTRAND WILBERFORCE.¹

Those who saw Father Bertrand Wilberforce in his latter days when his bloodless face told of the suffering he must be undergoing, and the disease that was slowly killing him, could not fail to be struck by the calm self-possession of his manner, and the gentle address which seemed never to fail him. His friends indeed knew that beneath the surface he had those strong feelings in regard to things that repelled him, which in less disciplined natures are the food on which irritation of temper feeds. But if in him such irritation showed itself it was quickly checked, and served only to reveal the solidity of his self-mastery. His biographer, who is one of the Sisters at Stone, tells of an occasion when one who saw him for the first time said, "What a Catholic face he has." But the impression his bearing conveyed went beyond that. What a man of God he evidently is, one felt, and how well he has learnt to carry his cross in silence, allowing it to stimulate only, and not to deter his apostolic labours. In the present volume we have abundant examples to confirm this impression. We feel, for instance, that he was revealing his own secret, when writing to another he says:

How thankful you should be to our loving Lord and God for allowing you the inestimable privilege of suffering with Him and for Him. St. John Chrysostom says that God does a soul a greater favour by giving it an occasion for suffering, than by giving the power to raise the dead. Therefore, thank God in your pain and grief, even if in your heart you be pierced quite through, and say to Him constantly, "I thank Thee, O God, for doing Thy own will in Thine own way, because it is Thy will."

¹ *The Life and Letters of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, of the Order of Preachers.* Compiled by H. M. Capes, O.S.D. Edited with an Introduction by Vincent McNabb, O.P. London: Sands and Co.

Or one might cite as similarly self-revealing the Rules on p. 89, or indeed a score and more of examples which lie close at hand. The narrative part of the book is quite what it should be, supplying in a quite simple way what the letters could not be expected to tell us. But it is the letters which form the principal part of the contents; and they are most valuable, not merely for what they tell of the writer's personality, but for the wealth of spiritual instruction and exhortation they contain, which is always judicious and often illuminating, being so evidently the outcome of choice reading well assimilated, always aptly and concisely expressed, and everywhere pregnant with spiritual devotion. In an Introduction, Father Vincent McNabb adds some details from his own intimate knowledge of Father Bertrand, which enable us to form for ourselves a more complete conception of his personality. One element is brought out here of which no trace is to be found in the Life and letters, his love of mirth and sense of humour. Amusing, and at the same time pathetic, is the blending of this with his courage under suffering in the episode of his reading *Pickwick* aloud, and almost disabling his nurses whilst they were endeavouring to relieve him from cruel spasms of pain by applying hot poultices.

5.—CONTRE LA SÉPARATION.¹

Illness, we believe, has prevented the Comte de Mun from taking that part in the debates on the Separation Bill which previous experience would have led one to expect from him. He has, however, contributed some striking articles to the papers during the last three years, and these he has gathered up into a little volume entitled *Contre la Séparation*, which will form a useful manual for those who may wish to follow the stages of the present campaign of French anti-clericalism, and to trace it back to its historical antecedents in the proceedings of the great Revolution, and their resumption from the time of M. Jules Ferry onwards. The main point which the Comte de Mun labours is to show the interior connection of the different episodes in this campaign, and to lay bare the plot in which they all take their appointed place.

During a quarter of a century [he says] these men, as I have shown, have demanded the separation of the Catholic Church from the State: it is one of the fundamental articles of their political programme; they

¹ *Contre la Séparation. De la Rupture à la Condamnation.* Second Edition. Par le Comte Albert de Mun. Paris: Librairie Veuve Ch. Poussielgur.

have only adjourned it to the present time because till now they could not find that the circumstances of the time furnished them with a favourable opportunity. And now that the hour is come, now that by dint of agitating the country with phantoms, seeking to form, as M. Paul Bert put it, the atmospheric conditions, they believe themselves to be able to accomplish at last the religious revolution so long dreamt of—they still seek excuses, and endeavour like criminals at the bar of justice to enter a plea of legitimate self-defence.

It is this which explains what we have discussed elsewhere, M. Briand's fair speech just as much as M. Combes' brutal frankness. M. Combes sent M. Loubet to Rome in the full knowledge that the visit must evoke a protest from the Pope, and thereby enable his party to propagate what M. Ribot aptly called the *mensonge historique* that the Pope, not the Government, had made Separation a necessity; and M. Briand, though with superior political skill, is propagating the further *mensonge historique* that the Pope, not the Government, is responsible for the alienation of the Church property. But the present volume does not carry on the history beyond the summer of last year.

6.—THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR.¹

We can hardly be mistaken in saying that to the majority of educated Englishmen Italian as a language is more familiar, or, at any rate, less inaccessible, than German. For this reason we cordially welcome the translation into Italian of Professor K.A.H. Kellner's valuable *Heortologie*, which, since its first appearance in 1901, has been accepted as the standard authority upon Catholic feasts and fasts. The book appears under favourable auspices, for the well-known Professor Angelo Mercati has made himself responsible for the correctness of the rendering, and he has had the advantage of using the advanced sheets of the second, much enlarged and greatly improved edition of the German original. Moreover, there is one most important adjunct to a work of this character, in which the Italian version has a great advantage over its prototype. The German index, even in the new impression, leaves very much to be desired, but Dr. Mercati has been at pains to see that the same reproach cannot be levelled at the volume for which he is responsible. Altogether, we can say without hesitation that

¹ *L'Anno Ecclesiastico e le Feste dei Santi* versione eseguita sulla 2a edizione tedesca dal Dr. Angelo Mercati. Roma: Desclée, 1906.

those who are interested in the history of our Catholic calendar will nowhere else find so much accurate and readily accessible information packed away in a volume of relatively small compass. Excellent as the book is, there are, however, a few defective sections, though the new edition, as already noticed, marks an immense advance upon its predecessor. To point out one or two minor details, we may observe that the feast of St. Joseph appears in the West earlier than in the martyrologies of the tenth century, for it is mentioned on March 19th in the Irish metrical calendar of *Ængus* (c. 805): "Joseph name that is nobler—Jesu's pleasant fosterer." Again, it is not quite correct to say that the feasts of the apostles of lesser note only began to be kept in the ninth century, for it seems certain that among the genuine homilies of St. Bede († 735) must be included one written for the feast of St. Matthew. Similarly, the account given of the old Gothic calendar is hardly accurate. If reference had been made to Achelis's article on the subject in the *Zeitschrift f. N.T. Wissenschaft*, 1900, it would have been seen that besides St. Andrew there is mention of St. Philip at Hierapolis on Nov. 15th. We may add also that in the long section consecrated to the Immaculate Conception it would have been worth while to point out that the earliest Western reference to such a celebration is to be found in the already-mentioned Calendar of *Ængus*. But these, and other like shortcomings, are obviously details of no great consequence, and it is a boon to have so valuable a work in a readily accessible form.

Short Notices.

A POCKET edition of Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* (Longmans: 2s. net., in leather, 3s. 6d.) requires no recommendation. It is to be hoped that it will still farther extend knowledge of this wonderful book.

Messrs. Burns and Oates issue a new and cheaper edition of Sir William Butler's *Red Cloud* (3s. 6d.). This is a capital boy's story, replete with all manner of adventures in the "Great Lone Land," to which the author's personal experience enables him to impart a more life-like character than is possible for those who have only their reading to draw upon.

Recollections of a Humourist, by Arthur W. à Beckett

(London: Pitman, 1907), is inevitably handicapped by its title, for as experience shows, it is almost impossible for an author to live up to the character of a provider of fun. The long-while assistant-editor of *Punch*, however, has a number of stories to tell which, if not generally very striking, give a pleasing and healthy picture of the literary society with which for so many years he has lived, and in which he has evidently been so great a favourite.

Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, H. de Balzac. By Edmond Biré (Lyons: Em. Vitte, 1907). Much attention has lately been directed to Chateaubriand in this country through the admirable translation of the Letters made by Mr. A. T. de Mattos. The sympathetic *étude* which occupies the greater part of the present volume ought consequently to find a hearty welcome in England. The essay is accompanied by two other sketches devoted respectively to Victor Hugo and Balzac, which we are also glad to see. It is well that topics so much discussed should be dealt with by Catholic critics from their own point of view.

In Tuscany. By Montgomery Carmichael (London: Burns and Oates, Third Edition, 1906). Mr. Carmichael's charming volume is so well known that it requires no other commendation here than notice of the fact that the demand for it still continues. The book, with its delightful illustrations, is reprinted without alteration, but the author's interesting Preface to the third edition should on no account be overlooked.

Le Gouvernement de Soi-même, Essai de Psychologie pratique. Par Antonin Eymieu (Paris: Perrin et Cie., 1906). Almost at the same moment that Father Maturin's helpful volume on *Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline* saw the light in England, the well-known French *conférencier*, Father Eymieu, was publishing a volume of similar scope and almost identical title. For those who know and admire the English work it will be interesting to compare the treatment of the same subject by the French writer. The former book is, we think, the more spontaneous and the more eloquent, the latter the more orderly, philosophic, and, perhaps, somewhat the more practical. In any case, it may be strongly recommended for attentive perusal.

Guillaume I. Roy des Pays Bas et l'Eglise Catholique en Belgique, 1814—1830, by Dr. C. Terlinden (Bruxelles: Dewit, 1906). It is probably difficult for an Englishman to appreciate fully the critical character of the epoch dealt with in these two well-digested volumes; but to the many friends and admirers of Catholic Belgium they will be very welcome as throwing

a flood of light not only upon the past but also upon the present religious condition of the country. Every page bears testimony to the diligence with which Dr. Terlinden has ransacked the archives not only of Brussels and the Hague, but those also of Rome, and even the stray papers which have found a home at the British Museum.

The Golden Sayings of Brother Giles, newly translated and edited, together with a sketch of his Life, by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. (Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press, 1907). Father Paschal Robinson has given us here a very dainty and scholarly volume on Brother Giles. It must be owned that at the price of one dollar, net, this little book is not cheap, but its general appearance reflects great credit on the publishers. The editor, who is *au courant* with all the modern developments of Franciscan literature, provides an excellent Preface and commentary. The translation, it seems to us, is somewhat more open to criticism. There are few illustrations, but they are of the kind which really help to elucidate the text.

Dix Leçons sur le Martyre, données à l'Institut Catholique de Paris. (Paris: Lecoffre, 1906). M. Paul Allard, during many years of study devoted to this special subject, has earned the right to speak with authority on the difficult question of the early Christian martyrs. Many readers who may shrink with some apprehension from the five big volumes in which M. Allard has previously surveyed the whole field, will cordially welcome these lectures, which put within their reach all that is more general and best worth remembering in this important period of Christian history. But it should be said that the book is no mere compendium of older work.

Le Conventionnel Prieur de la Marne en mission dans l'Ouest (1793, 1794) d'après des documents inédits. Par Pierre Bliard. (Paris: Emile-Paul, 1906). Father Bliard has presented us in this volume with an excellent piece of historical work. We only regret that the pressure on our space and the comparative remoteness of the subject from English interests, prevent us from doing it fuller justice. Prieur de la Marne was the agent of the Convention in a systematic attempt to foster Republican sentiments in le Morbihan and la Vendée. Of the iniquitous procedure to which he had recourse in the execution of his mission, this book tells the impartial tale. It is almost entirely based on unprinted materials, most of them official documents.

Thomas à Kempis, his Age and Book. By J. E. G. de Montmorency. (London: Methuen, 1906). Here is another

work which fully deserves a more ample notice than we are able to accord it here. Mr. de Montmorency re-examines the much-disputed problem of the authorship of the *Imitation*, and pronounces unhesitatingly in favour of the traditional attribution to Thomas à Kempis, despite the fact that in the British Museum Catalogue a change has recently been made at the cost of much expense and trouble, which leaves the question an open one. Mr. de Montmorency's book does not merely contain a restatement of the older arguments, but he for the first time goes thoroughly into what we may call the English evidence for the authorship, including the claim advanced in behalf of Walter Hilton. The volume is embellished with some good and useful illustrations.

The Goad of Divine Love, An old English translation, revised and edited by the Rev. W. A. Phillipson. (London: Washbourne, 1907). The *Stimulus Divini Amoris*, a work attributed to St. Bonaventure, but certainly not emanating from him in its present form, was translated into English by a Franciscan Father and printed at Douai in 1642. Father Phillipson has somewhat modernized this version without altogether divesting it of its archaic flavour. We are bound to say that we do not find the treatise quite so remarkably beautiful as the Preface suggests, but it is full of earnest piety, and the editor seems to have discharged his duties efficiently.

The Life of Count Moore, abridged from the Memoir by the Rev. A. Barry, C.S.S.R. (Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland). This makes an excellent penny biography. There is much need for more pamphlets of this kind laying stress upon the precedence due to piety over politics, and appealing to the example of a man of our own generation whose upright seeking of the Kingdom of God before all things was and is a lesson to us all.

Life of St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr. By Dom A. Smith, C.R.L. (London: Washbourne, 1906). This little Life of St. Agnes is painstaking and well-intentioned, and it will no doubt be read with interest by many devout Catholics. Further, the author does not hesitate to state frankly that the materials he is dealing with are to a great extent legendary. But we must own that the particular combination of legend and criticism which we find here does not entirely commend itself to our judgment. We feel that we should like to understand a little more clearly in what proportion fact and romance are associated in the narrative. The author's work is warmly commended in

a Preface from the pen of Dom Gilbert Higgins, C.R.L., and the book is further embellished with some attractive illustrations.

Towards Evening. Daily Memento of Cardinal Manning. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.). At this season, when his remains have been laid in the Westminster Cathedral, this charming little book of Maxims, culled from Cardinal Manning's writings, is very welcome. The selections are, on the whole, well made, and the book is neat, attractive, and portable.

Folia Fugitiva (Washbourne) is edited by Father W. H. Cologan, and is a collection of papers read and discussed at the conference meetings of the clergy of St. Erconwald's Deanery. Bishop Bellord appears to have suggested both the custom and the publication, and it is clear what help such a practice must afford to the country clergy who desire to keep their minds fresh and *au courant* with the problems, theological and pastoral, of their sacred profession. The Bishop's own paper is at the head of the series, and is on the Number of the Elect. We cannot agree with him that "only an infinitesimal number suffer the rigorous torments of Gehenna"—that seems to us inconsistent with what we can see with our own eyes of the conduct of a large proportion of men, which we can test by our doctrine of mortal sin—but we are with him cordially in insisting that there is no revelation to decide this matter for us, and that the ancient writers, neither in the case of the heathen nor of the victims of heresy, made anything like sufficient allowance for the possibilities of invincible ignorance. Of the other papers Mgr. Crook's are mostly on pastoral subjects, and Father Cologan's on spiritual subjects. These are all of practical interest, but among them we may particularly recommend those on the St. Sulpice Method of Catechism and on the Ministry of the Words. Of historical subjects Father Cologan has one on the Great Schism of the West, and Dr. Fortescue one on the East which gauges excellently the true causes of that disastrous apostasy. Father Thomas Gerrard's paper on The Grammar of Assent and the Sure Future will be recognized as having already appeared in the *Dublin Review*. Father Thomas O'Hogan's paper on Inspiration deals with a subject as difficult as it is important, but he does not go to the root of the difficulty. It is impossible in the light of the *Providentissimus Deus* to say, so categorically too, that God "has secured to the Bible the highest point of veracity that belongs to human documents

(but that) absolute inerrancy He guarantees only so far as it concerns faith and morals." The problem lies deeper than that.

Ecclesia, the Church of Christ, Edited by A. H. Mathew (Burns and Oates), is a book, our notice of which is somewhat overdue. It consists of a series of papers by different writers on the Notes of the Church, on its Infallibility, on the maxim *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*, and on Schism and Ignorance. The writers are Dom Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B., F. B. Zimmermann, O.D.C., F. R. H. Benson, M.A., Dom John Chapman, O.S.B., Dom J. D. Breen, O.S.B., the Editor, and Father Peter Finlay, S.J. As this list of names would lead us to anticipate, the papers are ably treated. Father Benson on the Holiness of the Church, and Dom John Chapman on its Catholicity, are particularly good.

On Religious Worship (Burns and Oates) is a translation from the Italian of Bishop Bonomelli, of Cremona. In Italy the author's name is associated with some burning controversies, of which English readers know very little. The present volume is, however, on a topic which is independent of them, the character of religious worship, its interior and exterior elements, and some defects in popular devotions. It is pleasantly as well as skilfully written, and enters well into some of the difficulties which English Protestant visitors to Italy are wont to feel, so that it may be usefully recommended to them by their Catholic friends. In his criticism of defects in popular devotions the Bishop enters on a prickly theme. But he handles it with delicacy and moderation, and reaches conclusions with which we must confess ourselves to be on the whole in sympathy. Of the justice of his account of the psychology of devotion in Italian peasants we are not in a position to pronounce.

Father F. M. de Zulueta, S.J., has published *Notes on Daily Communion* (Washbourne), which may be recommended to daily communicants and their spiritual guides. It gives from the time of Pius IX. onwards the text of the different exhortations to frequency of Communion which have led up to the recent instructions, and ample dispensations, of the reigning Pontiff. Several objections to such frequent Communions are discussed, as well as the dispositions required for Daily Communion, and the precise meaning of the permission to sufferers from chronic sickness to take something before Communion *per modum potus*. Readers of the *Catholic Weekly* will recognize this little publication as a revision of some articles that originally appeared in that paper.

Magazines.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (1907, I.)¹

Some biblical Prologues of Marcionite origin. *D. De Bruyne*. The Abbey of Farfa and its restoration. *H. Schuster*. A Liturgical Critic of the Twelfth Century. *G. Morin*. The auxiliary Bishops of Thérouanne. *U. Berlière*. The *Filioque*. *P. De Meester*. Miscellaneous documents and reviews.

REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLÉSIASTIQUE. (1907, I.)

The Author of the Passion of St. Perpetua. *A. d'Alès*. A Study of the Forged Decretals. *P. Fournier*. The Franciscan Problem and a Brussels MS. *A. Fierens*. Diplomatic Relations between England and the Catholic Netherlands (1598—1625). *L. Willaert*. Reviews and Bibliography.

REVUE DES SCIENCES PHILOSOPHIQUES ET THÉOLOGIQUES. (No. I. 1907.)

[We gladly welcome this new Review appearing under Dominican auspices.]

The Psychological basis of "Mechanicism." *M. De Munnynck*. Germ and Leaven. *B. Allo*. The Idea of God in the Old Testament Apocrypha. *L. Gry*. The Problem of Theological Sources in the sixteenth century. *A. Humbert*. Notes, Reports, Full Summary of Periodical Literature.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (February 2 and 17.)

New Methods of Apologetic. The "Blessed" Fra Angelico. Religion and Suicide. The historical origin of the Inquisition. A new anti-clerical Party. The miraculous Picture of our Saviour in the Sancta Sanctorum. The moral aspect of the arrangement of Dante's *Purgatorio*. Reviews, &c.

RASSEGNA GREGORIANA. (January, February, 1907.)

The Antiphon in choir. *K. Ott*. The ancient deaconry of S. Maria in Via Lata. *H. Grisar*. Some remarks on the Quilisma. *Y. D.* The Reform of the Russian Liturgy. *A. Palmieri*. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES (February 5 and 20.)

Self-discipline. *A. Eymieu*. Fogazzaro's *Il Santo*. *L. Roure*. The Lock-Out at Verviers. *V. Loiselet*. Fruit-tree Parasites. *L. Deshayes*. Gilbert de Choiseul at Tournai. *M. Dubrueil*. Galileo and the Jesuits. *P. de Vregille*. The Bishops' declaration. *H. Prélôt*. Reviews, &c.

¹ We regret that by an oversight we summarized in our last issue the contents of the *Revue Bénédicte* for January, 1906, instead of January, 1907.

